

SAINT CRISPIN
AND
Other Quant Concerts
AND
MERRY RAPSODIES



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THE following Testimonials have been received from Gentlemen who have read the MSS.:—

From GEORGE GLENNY, Esq., Author of "The Properties of Flowers," Botanical and other Standard Works.

“These Poems are what I should describe as anti-Roman Catholic, and there is no mistake about their being piquant and quaint in their style, and that they will be popular among Protestants.”

From DR. FERDINAND RAHLES, Reviewer of Foreign Literature.

“I enjoyed very much the reading of ‘Saint Crispin,’ which is both comical and satirical in style.”

From a Literary Critic of eminence.

“The fluency of rhyming displayed, with the abundance of quaint thoughts, and the intermixture of ‘old saws with modern instances’ and cant sayings, remind the reader frequently of the ‘Ingoldsby Legends,’ and are even occasionally on a par with them as to wit and power of expression.”

SAINT CRISPIN

AND

Other Quaint Conceits

AND

MERRY RAPSODIES.

BY

W. J. EVELYN INGRAM.

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

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SIR MAURICE;

OR,

THE HAUNTED CHURCHYARD.





SIR MAURICE;

OR,

THE HAUNTED CHURCHYARD.

SIR Maurice was a knight of mighty arm,
And had in Italy achieved renown ;
No battles ever caused his heart alarm ;
As for a challenge—his reply a frown
Of stern defiance ; still he felt a qualm
Whene'er he heard of ghosts or any sort of thing
He couldn't pink with sword, or with a bullet
wing.

And this was all occasioned by thofe stories
So often told to people in their youth.
Of warfare he had heard, and all its glories
Were grafted in his heart, because their truth
Was patent to himself ; but all about
The supernatural he felt a doubt.

His nurse had often told him, when a boy,
 Of goblin, spectre, sorcerer, and sprite;
And, when he cried, she found the best alloy
 To talk of bogies, who took brats at night ;
So that however brave might be his heart,
She curbed his mind, which was the better part.

He had been educated at a school
 Where moral courage was presumed a basis ;
But superstition formed the fav'rite rule,
 And was in fact the very great oasis
On which his teachers fell to curb his tether,
For few could cope with such a bird of feather.

But early precepts never are forgotten ;
 And in Italia's land, where they rely
On priestly miracles (altho' they're rotten),
 Yet the demand quite equals the supply ;
He wonder'd how the Virgin could contrive
To wink the same when dead as if alive.

He saw the weeping image at Milan,
 “ Saint Magdalen,” who in her great emotion
Produced a stream of trickling tears, that ran
 To aid the unbelievers in devotion :

And he could not with truthfulness deny
He'd never seen the marble statue cry.*

Yet being told with all solemnity

That such were facts he saw before his eyes,
How dare he doubt a priest's indemnity ;

On faith of some sort ev'ry one relies,
Such as the liquefaction of Saint Januarius,
The test of whose famed blood some think is most
precarious.

He heard about the priests at Santiago,†
Who lay upon the women an embargo
For postage on all letters that are given
To priestly couriers who go up to heaven ;

* The Florence correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* says that a singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of Saint Magdalen, which has been long famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently moved in order to facilitate repairs in the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water, the steam from which passing into the head, was there condensed, and making its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, trickled down the cheeks of the image : so the wonderful miracle was performed.

† In the accounts of the destruction by fire of the Cathedral at Santiago, when some 2000 females were burnt, it was mentioned that the priests had erected a letter-box for women

For when the ladies' fins require purging,
They then indite a letter to the Virgin.

But what her answers were to their petition,
Or if the priests had forged her autograph,
Were points by far too moot for his cognition ;
Their conduct at the fiery cenotaph
Was like Nero's, who, tender feelings spurning,
Could play the fiddle while the place was burning.

And sundry strange conceptions that he saw,
Descended like an heirloom we inherit ;
Tho' here and there he might detect a flaw,
Still on the whole it acted on his spirit,
And gave to all he couldn't understand
A certain awe, which held him in command.

Beside the Abbey where the yew tree blows,
Obtaining life distilled from dead men's bones,
There by its side the weeping willow grows,
Bending its languid leaves upon the stones—

to fend petitions to the Virgin. By the priests' persistency in closing the door of the sacristy to enable them to remove the valuables of the church—and themselves—in safety, they were the cause of preventing hundreds escaping from the dreadful immolation.

"Death's monuments"—where man in vain
records
The last frail trace humanity affords.

Rumour a tale about that yard had spread,
That in the night a ghost walked o'er the dead ;
And some who had been known to pass alone
Beside the charnel-house, had heard a groan,
In which direction, by the moon's pale light,
With horror they beheld the awful sight.

The tale got wind among the population
About the time the knight arrived at home;
It was a theme of gen'ral consternation,
And after dark scarce any one would roam
Within the precincts of a spot so dread,
Where walked the restless and unholy dead.

A poor old faithful widow, who had laid
Her husband in his grave, was ne'er afraid
Of ghosts. In tribulation of the mind
She thought a calm in solitude to find ;
And ev'ry night went forth in grief to mourn,
Beside the shadow of his hallowed urn.

And there was feasting in an ancient hall,
The wassail cup had made each heart rejoice,
While none could dream dark danger could appal
Each noisy guest (if one might judge by voice).
But in the midst of all their revelry
The conversation turned on devilry,

And then on spirits which return'd to earth—
Revisiting the glimpes of the night—
When far less loud became the roist'ring mirth,
Or, plainly speaking, disappeared in fright ;
For manly roaring to soft whispers sunk,
And no more merry toasts that night were drunk.

Then up arose (fresh from the battle-field)
Sir Maurice—he whose valour ne'er did fail—
And cried, “Ye knights ! a blot upon the shield
. “Of each who at old women's stories quail !
“Go to the churchyard, if you're brave and true.”
The answser was, “Sir Maurice, pray will you ? ”

Thus called upon—altho' to him distasteful,
And tho' in secret not a little daunted—
He thought refusal would appear disgraceful
By those whose courage he had just now taunted.

He knew “ *Necessitas non habet leges,* ”
But this beat all his battles and his sieges.

Thus being challenged, he perforce consented.

True to his word he sought the drear abode
(*Tho' forely his pot-valour he repented*),

And entered where the troubled spirit strode ;
Yet was not spirit in that haunted ground
So troubled as his own—as now he found.

Till now he ne'er had made a recantation
Of his belief in either sprite or ghost,
And straightway he commenced his incantation,
One part in fear, and one in noisy boast ;
For well he knew it would not do to lag,
Tho' when he held the beaker he could brag.

“ If there be any who have pass'd Death's portal,
“ Or who upon his late life sadly ponders,
“ I call upon that most unhappy mortal,
“ Or rather spirit who in space now wanders,
“ Whether it be in England, Spain, or France, sir,
“ This moment I demand to have an answer.”

In pausing for reply, he thought he heard
A curious sort of noise in his proximity ;
His blood felt chilled, and yet he never stirred
(It was the rustling of the widow's dimity) ;
But hearing nothing more he thought he needed
More energy, and thus again proceeded :

“ Report asserts that from some awful cause
“ Thou wand'rest here, for some affirm they've
seen thee.

“ Say why thou violateſt nature's laws ?
“ For not a shadow of thy shade shall screen
thee ;

“ My voice is husky, yet I've no horse laugh,
“ Nor, like my horse, do I indulge in ‘ chaff.’

“ Tell me the truth while I am standing by—
“ You'll find, by Jove, that I'll allow no quarter ;
“ And if you do not instantly comply,
“ Upon your tombstones I'll commence :
slaughter.

“ With my most famed of swords an insult you
should settle :

“ If you've the spirit of a ghost, come, show your
mettle ! ”

The frail and trembling widow in her sorrow
Had heard these threats and very dark menaces,
And luckily it was not near the morrow,
Whose rosy light had shewn his vile grimaces ;
While she, poor soul, was at the theological,
His mind was working at the diabolical.

These horrid imprecations 'midst the gloom
Aroused the silent figure from the grave,
And with a shriek she fainted on the tomb ;
Off bolted he, his craven self to save—
The only reveller who dared to roast
His friends about existence in a ghost.

Had he possessed the courage that he vaunted,
And stayed, he would have seen that his affright
Was not caused by the churchyard being haunted,
But would have found, to his intense delight,
Instead of meeting with a ghost or elf,
'Twas one almost as frightened as himself.

He staggered homewards looking like a spectre,
With such a frenzied brain as terror warps ;
He found the widow such a stern reflector,
That in a week he was himself a corpse.

And thus Sir Maurice, now as cold as stone,
By seeking for a ghost gave up his own.

MORAL.

Written as an Epitaph for Sir Maurice' Cenotaph.

Imagination paints fictitious things,
And out of fancy oft a goblin springs ;
No churchyard has the power to disclose
Such horrors as poor timid hearts suppose.
The germ of ev'ry ghost in superstition lies—
Created in the brain, which ignorance supplies.





THE ANGLER'S FATE.

A LEGEND OF TWICKENHAM.

ROBERT Jones one morning very
Early took a fishing wherry,
Not at Wapping Old Stairs,
Where your Molly declares
Her love will be true till she dies,
But at Twickenham Ait,
Where the connoisseurs state
The eels taste so nice in the pies.

You never could halt on
A man who had studied
Piscatorial Walton,
Or a brain half so flooded
With all the enticements of ground-bait or fly,
To hook out a fish wherefoever he'd lie.

His mind did inherit
The famed Izaak's spirit ;
His walls were well embellish'd by
Stuffed victims of the treach'rous fly,
All splendid specimens of fish -
To gratify an angler's wish,
The trophies of his former sport,
Alas ! this fatal day cut short.

While Bob was peering from the boat
Watching the bobbing of his float,
The 'thwart gave way, and back he fell,
Soused like a pickled mack-e-rel.
Although his muscles were alive,
He could not swim, but he could dive ;
His heel stuck in the mud so tight,
Much to the other eels' delight ;
And thus poor Jones, once an Oxonian,
Died—by becoming a Waltonian.

It is reported since that day
The eels a finer taste display ;
But why?—"The Reason Why" don't say :
Perhaps from feelings of dismay ;

And we've been told it ill became us
To spoil the sale of pies so famous.
We recommend "Enquire Within"—
The work to answer everything—
And shut your ears, and do not see
The link of Jones' catastrophe.
But I most diligently sought
The Twickenham Registrar's report,
And find that Jones was not interr'd ;
By which 'tis easily inferr'd,
And very greatly to be dreaded,
His corpse has only been imbedded ;
That is, the residue of bone—
The Lord knows where the flesh has gone.



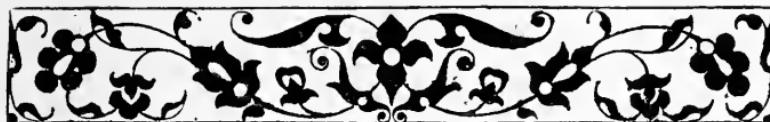


THE

REVELLER'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF BRIGHTON,





THE REVELLER'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF BRIGHTON.



ETER Carew, a captain in the Lancers,
Was always thought a paragon of
dancers ;
In Scotch or Irish reels
He'd twist and twirl his heels,
No bee with pin
Stuck through his skin
Could turn with such velocity :
Not one in a million
Could dance a cotillon
Like this young famed precocity.
He'd never step false
When dancing a waltz,
But would spin like a top
Until ready to drop ;

For he felt the intensity
Of the twirling propensity.

Nor did he e'er forget
Politeness in a minuet;
Like the said bee he'd pirouette,

And make a falaam, when he look'd in the face full
Of his partner, madam, who thought it most
graceful.

This Captain Carew was an exquisite fwell,
And owned the affections of many a belle;

Of music he'd talk
While dancing a polk;

'Twould have opened the eyes of poor blind
Belisarius

To see him and Miss Glibly perform the cellarius;
And Miss G. would in turn play upon the piano,
While he danced with another the varsoviana.

Baron Nathan asserts of illustrious dancers,
That Peter invented the "set" called the
"Lancers."

The ladies, those darling and lovely philosophers,
Declared him to be the most charming of officers;
In giving a toast or breathing a sentiment,
Not one was like him in the whole of the regiment.

But I'm sorry to say
That this captain so gay,
In addition to dancing
Was also advancing
In numerous pursuits
Which produced evil fruits.
It's a secret worth knowing—
Tho' I'm not fond of "blowing"
The trumpet belonging to fame—
But it has been reported
That the captain resorted
To the "bottle"—I think that's the name.

And it's also related that scarce one or two
Could sit up and drink, like young Peter Carew,
Without feeling dizzy and faying things rude—
A state best described by a word they call
"screwed."

One night, after doing a dance and a booze,
He went home to bed like a lonely recluse,
And had just fallen off in a soft happy snooze,
When the wine he'd been drinking and couldn't
refuse
Concocted a "dream" of the "horrible blues."

A strange sort of feeling came into his noddle :
Tho' still half asleep, he thought he must toddle
In any direction but where he was lying ;
For all sorts of goblins came peeping and prying
With horrible grins, and great saucer eyes,
And carbuncle noses, which drinking supplies.
These hideous companions kept quietly eyeing
Poor Peter Carew in his unhappy fix,
Whose brain seemed a deluge of Lethe or Styx :
 No flying-fish, skimming
 The water so bright,
 Could have a "head swimming"
 Like Peter that night.

But the mind, ever active on one thing or other,
Made him think himself "Fish," and the Devil
 his brother.

It's strange the excitement a frenzied brain feels
When worked up with wine ; and the nightmare
reveals

" The identical person " he thought his relation,
And thus, in his " Dream," he began the oration :

 " O Devil ! to thee
 " For succour I flee ;
 " State, state but thy terms, to all I'll agree ;

“ Release me at once, and give me some quarter ;
“ If I’m really a fish—‘ I’m a fish out of water !’
“ Give, give me, dear Devil, the power to lave
“ ’Neath the waters so pure, ’neath the bright
briny wave ;
“ For, tho’ glorious the earth,
“ Where I first derived birth,
“ Since some vile transformation has made me a
‘ Fish,’
“ The earth and the air,
“ However so fair,
“ Are ufeleſs to me and no longer my wish.”

He imagined the Devil was standing before
Him, and granting him all he could wish to
implore ;
Had he treated him harshly he perhaps might
have fainted,
But found “ he was not quite so black as he’s
painted.”

Said the Devil—“ I grant
“ The water you want ;
“ I think you’ll enlighten at some future day }
“ The remnant that’s left of humanity’s clay ; }
“ I’ve watched you for long, and I find you display }

" A talent superior to most in their revels,
" And a candidate likely to have the 'blue devils.'
" You once were a man, but I've made you a 'Triton,'
" You're now in the depths of the ocean, off
 Brighton ;
" At present you rest on a nice sandy pillow,
" Arrived by the 'header' you took through the
 billow ;
 " You are near my 'estate,'
 " I have granted the boon ;
 " Be resigned to your fate,
 " I will call again soон."

Become an aquatic,
He felt quite ecstatic,
Tho', much like an eel,
At times he would feel
A certain intensity
We'll call a propensity,
That when of the ocean he didn't feel fond,
 He'd never despond,
But migrate, 'like a bird,' to another fish-pond.*

* In a recent work "On the Pike," by Mr. Pennell, it is

It's a curious affair
How the eels can get there,
And well worth a question or two I would ask,
For it seemeth to be a most difficult task.

First determine their breed—
For I feel much in need
Of some clever authority—
I would call a majority
Of practical men,
Who could say there and then
How these creatures meander,
Like any old gander,
From one pond to another
Without any bother;

And a friend has asserted that no one can prove
An iota or word of their serpentine love :

He, being masonic,
Thinks it may be platonic.

But just as he'd think of the subject no longer,
He floated—good gracious!—against a large conger;

asserted that the pike has also the power of taking the “over-land route” from one pond to another, and has been caught in the act of doing so.

There's one consolation, when he was a man
'Twas not a bad dish—let them eat it who can.

If you meet with a bull,
Tho' you've often been full
Of beef, yet it's one thing to have it
By way of a bake,
Or else a rump steak,

If your appetite happens to crave it ;
And having the bull or the conger well frizzled
Is all very nice ; but I think you'd have mizzled,
If in *propriâ personâ* either one should attack you,
Unlesf at your heels you'd the Devil to back you.
But the conger shied off, though I can't tell the
reasfon,

Unless such an aquamarine out of seafon
As he might appear,
Caused the “ long-back ” some fear ;

But certain it is, it put Peter in mind
That no sort of ill-life that any poor cur spent
Could equal the dread of all dreads he would find,
If ever he floated against the “ sea-serpent.”

He heard a poor skatē
Lamenting her fate,
And sadly relate

That her husband, she heard, was given to trailing
After a creature they call a Miss Grayling ;
And another vile wretch—a common An-chovy—
Kept sneaking about to entrap her “old covey.”

Had famed Justice Wilde been a child of the ocean,
Amongst all the fish there'd have been a commotion ;
For Peter Carew felt himself much astonished
To find that “loose fish” should indeed be admonished,
And also to see that a charm or love philter
Can act on a spawner as well as a milter.

It's folly to think,
How'er we may wink,
That fish of the sea
Cannot equally see
As well as ourselvess any cool dereliction,
Or feel the affliction
Of fondest affection
So often bestowed in another direction.

If the said Justice Wilde, with his usual precision,
Would only pop down and just give his decision,

I'm certain the fish would be dancing with glee ;
For in fits of dejection
They'd feel no objection
To tickle each other with law costs and fee.

He fancied he saw
A lobster and crab
Disputing while picking
A poor little dab ;
The strife ran so sore
They both got a licking
(The combat was almost “a draw”);
But the crab did aspire,
In the heat of his ire,
To tear from the lobster a claw,
Which he stuck to, and bore
Triumphantly off with the greatest *éclat*.*

He saw the old fish, like mortals on earth
When they grew up in age, got well up in girth ;
And tho' many a storm arose on the ocean,
'Twas as quiet below as most folks at devotion.

* Walker pronounces it *e-klaw*; I therefore take him as a convenient authority for the rhyme.

'Twas strange he escaped from the jaws of a
shark;

And a "bottle-nose whale"

With a flap of his tail

Threw Peter into a quandary;

But being asleep he was safe in the dark,

Tho' prying "the realms of fairy."*

He faw oysters and prawns,

Sword-fish, with long horns,

With herrings and codfish,

And some that looked "odd fish;"

John O'Dories—good stuff—

Whales well up in puff,

"Periwinkle and shrimp,"

With the poor skate they crimp,

And plenty of salmon—

Tho' fishmongers gammon

To keep up the price

Because it's so nice;

But I cannot name all of the nautical crew

Which passed in his sight like "a splendid review."

* "Don Juan."

There's one thing he missed—'twould have been
a great treat

To see "Father Neptune" enthroned on his seat,
With his horses, and also his trident in hand,
And the fair "Amphitrite," his Queen, in com-
mand;

But from what Peter heard, he had started away
On a "tour of inspection" to Botany Bay.

What he mostly approved of, and saw well
displayed,

Was the figure and face of a lovely mermaid,
As she sat in a cavern of crystal and coral
Surrounded by sea-weeds, aquatic and floral.

Had her eyes shone on earth like the famed Basilisk,
He'd have run, he'd have swum, and encounter'd
the risk :

Galvani and Volta could not shoot a battery
Of love as he would do—without any flattery.

I think we'll drop the curtain now,
For fear a frown would not allow ;
But—Query : How is Peter's brow ?
He got as drunk as "David's sow."

Lift, my good friends, my true upholders,
He shook the “Old Man” from his shoulders.*
In the morn, when the fumes of the wine had
abated,
He awoke from his “horrible dream” quite elated,
Altho’ he imagined he’d been all the night
Subdued by the ocean, and in a wet plight ;
 He felt no regret
 To feel himself dry,
 And thought “heavy wet”
 The best thing to try.

* “Arabian Nights—Sinbad.”





YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL.

N the heyday of youth, when I was a boy,
 I ne'er shall forget how my heart beat with joy,
When my dearest Aunt Jenny From her purse took a penny,
And said—" You shall have a most innocent toy ;"

For mind and observe,
Her auricular nerve
Caught loud as it fell
That old-fashioned knell
Of " Young lambs to sell !"
" If I'd as much money as I could tell," &c.

The toy having bought,
My dear aunt I sought,

When with kifs and carefs
She exclaimed—"Heaven bleſſ
" And make you, dear Tommy, a good little child,
" Like the lamb in its manners, so meek and so
" mild ;
" May you ne'er go astray, or ever turn wild."

Such were the dreams of my youth ;
But ſince I've grown up, forſooth !
I find my aunt told an untruth.

Whene'er in the meadows by chance you are
rambling,
You'll find that young lambs are devoted to
"gamb'ling ;"
"They lay on the turf," and with "blacklegs"
affociate !
Could you ever ſpeak worse of any young
profligate ?
Yet ſuch is the life of an innocent lamb,
And when mamma dies "he is not worth a dam."



A SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

UPON the shore where breakers roll,
Fulfilling their eternal goal,
A female stood with accents mute,
As if borne down with grief acute.
She from her warm and humble bed—
Though by her side another slept—
With step most stealthily had crept,
To come that night in fear and dread;
For as she ran towards the tide,
She seemed intent on suicide.
The vital streams within her breast,
Like the rough sea, could gain no rest :
She gazed most eager and intent on
The sea, to find the drift 'twas bent on ;
For she'd a doubt upon her mind,
To her of a distressing kind.

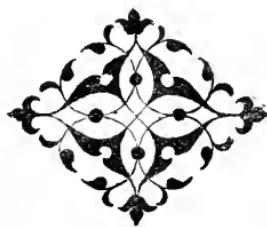
Her anxious heart would feel elate,
Instead of feeling now distressed,
Should in the night the storm abate—
Her fondest wishes would be blessed ;
But now the surge appeared appalling—
“A fisherman” her husband’s calling.

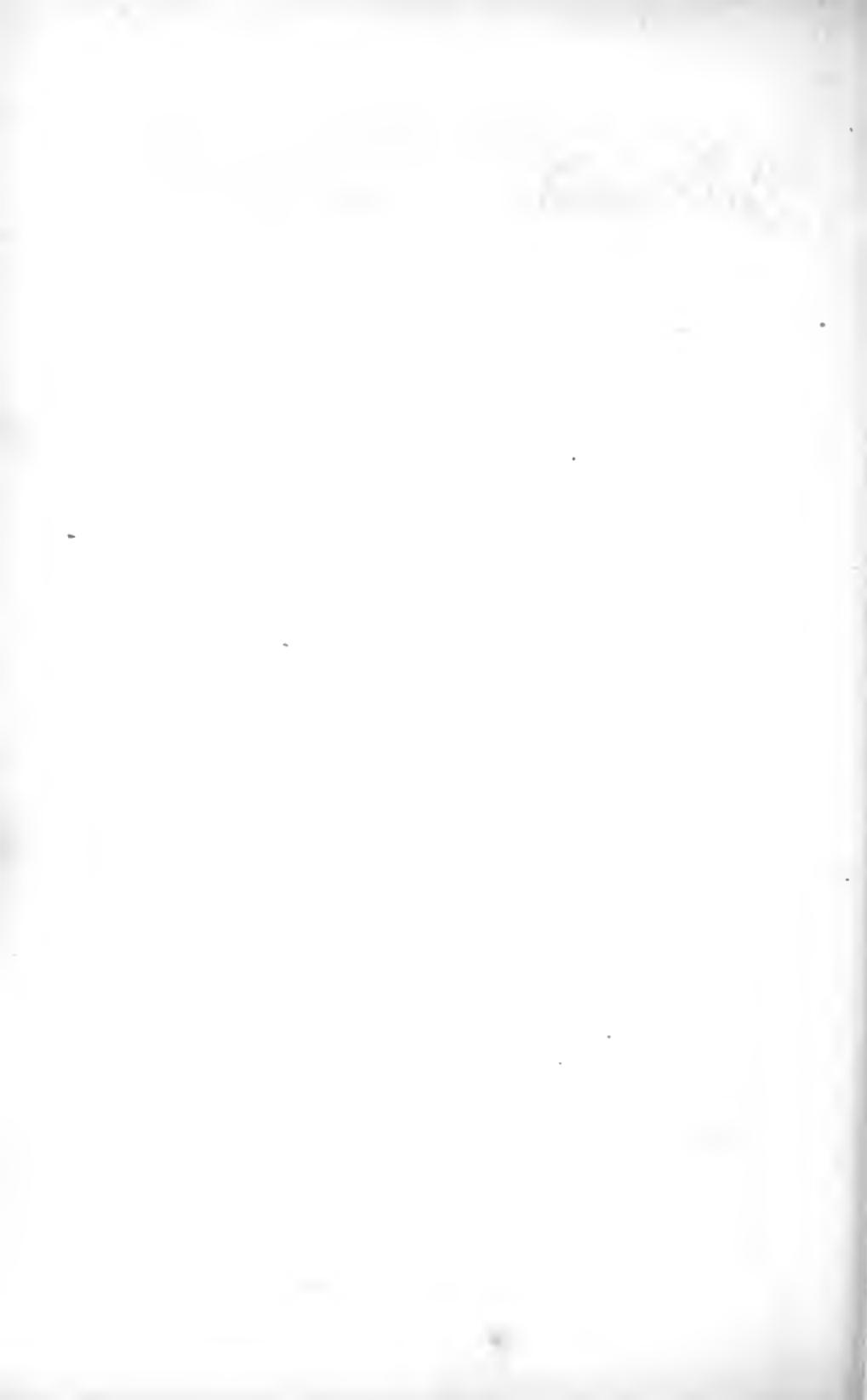
The Lady Goldpurse had come down
To rusticate in their small village ;
'Twas much too little for a town,
And more for pasturage than tillage.
There she possessed a country seat,
With lawns and plants arranged so neat ;
And came before the leaves got fear,
At that delightful time of year
When nature smells divinely sweet.

The Lady Goldpurse liked a relish,
Her breakfast-table to embellish ;
And all the niceties in season
She had—of course, in common reason.
Tho’ in the winter she liked fawns,
In summer she indulged in prawns ;
And for the first and finest dish
Of this most sweet crustaceous fish,

She always gave a handsome prize,
Combining quality with size.

This kept the fishwife all night waking,
Not for her husband's safety quaking ;
For he was snug at home and snoring,
Unmindful of the billows roaring,
While she was wishing in the early morn,
The sea so smooth that he might go to "prawn."
That's why that female stood aghast at night,
Watching the sea with such intense affright.







THE FLAT IRON.

A LEGEND OF ST. GILES'S.

Dedicated to My Uncle.

HERE are peculiar ways of doing trade,
And out of trade we know that
money's made ;
Like lively maggots crawling in a bowl,
We live upon each other heart and foul.
But what the abstract of such sweets may be
Requires judgment and great nicety ;
For few with capital know where to fix
Their habitation, ere they "cut their sticks,"
Finding the thing don't answer ; then another
Pays for "goodwill" without the slightest bother,
Thinking the trade's established ; and what then ?
Before a year has passed he cries—"Amen!"

Yet some can live where others would be starving,
By what is called the happy knack of carving.
I'll try if I can illustrate a point,
By one whose brain was not thought out of
joint.

A man whose "sign" was "two to one"—
"Three golden balls," bright like the sun—
Was well aware of one great fact,
That out of little much is done,
And if you multiply the act,
Into a large amount 'twill run.
Among the customers who came
To pledge their trifles at his shop,
Was one poor soul—one Betty Tanie—
Who on the Saturday would pop
An old "Flat Iron," and the same
She always took again from pawn
The first thing on the Monday morn.

Now "Spout" considered in himself,
"This is the way to make the pelf—
"A monthly interest for a day
"Must be the sort of thing to pay;

“ And every week, too, a new ticket—

“ A halfpenny more—that’s how I nick it.”

So things went on, until of late

She came not to oppignorate.

“ Spout ” thought of her with great regret,

Until one day he met old Bet,

And stepping up to her most eager—

Just as he was, an old intriguer—

Exclaimed, “ God blefs me! how d’ye do?

“ Who would have thought of seeing you!

“ I’ve often wondered what has been

“ The reason I have never seen

“ You at my flop of late ; but still,

“ I hope that you have not been ill,

“ Although you look a little pale.

“ What fay you, Betty, to some ale?

“ Twill cheer your heart and warm your blood,

“ And p’rhaps do you ‘ a world of good.’ ”

“ Oh ! Sir—indeed, the truth to tell,

“ I’d call as I have done for years,

“ But that an accident befell—

(Here Betty’s eyes were dimmed with tears)—

“The poor ‘Flat Iron,’ which I had
“So many years, at last got bad,
“And—true a word as e'er I spoke—
“Fell from my careless hand—and broke.”

“Oh! Betty, don’t let that cause sorrow,
“But come into my shop to-morrow,
“And, out of old acquaintance’ sake,
“With pleasure from my stock I’ll take
“An iron that is spick-span new,
“And as an off’ring make to you.”

They parted with a mutual feeling,
Old “Covetous” his thoughts concealing,
And Betty with a grateful heart
To think she’d got another start.

As use becomes a second nature,
So fared it with the poor old creature ;
The same old game she used to play
Commenced again next Saturday.
From then, and ever after that,
The iron, which they name “The Flat,”
Produced its value o’er and o’er,
Enough to buy a bumping score.

MORAL.

Lay well your bait to catch the fish,
As old "Spout" did, to gain his wish ;
And thus you'll find that a false kindness
Is often swallowed up in blindness.





SAINT CRISPIN.

THE

TITULAR SAINT OF SHOEMAKERS





SAINT CRISPIN.

THE TITULAR SAINT OF SHOEMAKERS.

C'VE heard of a thread—"the thread of a theme,"

And also of thread they use in a seam ;
But one's for a poet, the next for a tailor,
And "long yarn's" the usual thread of a sailor.
Ariadne the fair, by the clue of a thread,
From the Lab'rinth her Theseus most cunningly
led.*

The daughters of Nox† spin the thread of our
life ;

And a god once spun thread for the sake of a
wife.‡

Penelope's web was a thready display,
Undoing at night what she did in the day :
She kept all her troublesome suitors at bay.

* Minotaur.

† The Fates.

‡ Omphale.

But my proper thread a “Wax-end” shall be,
As more in consistence with “cobblery.”
So spin away now, my merry “Wax-end,”
In an ambling pace my wishes befriend ;
If anything knotty should run in the vein,
Be careful, and don’t let’s entangle the skein.

Bibo Bibere mended shoes,
His pious wife attended pews,
To fweep, to clean, and make them tidy,
Ready for Sunday or for Friday,
And singing-days when they rehearfe,
But Friday suits me in the verfe.

Whene’er you write a word,
No matter how you time it,
To alter looks absurd,
As if you couldn’t rhyme it.

While the priest was preaching at church,
Where sinners are taught the things they should do,
And especially thoſe they ought to eschew,
Bibo upon his uſual perch,
Tho’ not given to pray
At that time of day,
Was mending the “foles” of a different crew.

Of jobs on hand he always had
A specimen of good and bad,
And when folks brought a well-worn shoe
He'd see how much there was to do ;
His time and price would then accord ;
But if he found the cash they'd hoard, }
And say they couldn't much afford,
He didn't say he wouldn't do it :
Instead of stitching he would glue it ;
And by example let them find
It's better not a snob to grind.

His wife was a Catholic woman ;
She had also a heavenly nose ;
But as far as that goes,
You're not led to suppose
Her nose was by any means Roman ;
Its heavenly tendency turned to the skies—
Retroffé,
As the French would say—
And divided a pair of lovely blue eyes.
Her complexion was fair, with nut-brown hair,
And pearly teeth, with which few could compare ;

Such a sweet pretty mouth, with a curl to the lip,
Which greatly subdued the nose at the tip.

Her figure was neither short nor tall,
But a medium proportion between the two—
Its gen’ral contour handsome you’d call—
With a very small foot, and on it a shoe,
With half a glance there could be no mistake
But that it was one of Bibo’s “best make.”

There’s a lott’ry in life in choosing a wife,
Midst the chances and ways of the doing ;
For you’ll find, tho’ you’re rife,
There may yet be some strife
In the method of cooing and wooing ;
For men are like cherries, the finest and best
Are always henpecked—no one cares for the
rest.

In searching for bliss
May you meet with a Miss—
—fortune—divided in half like my lines
(Forgive me for sev’ring the two I suggest) :
In the eyes of the world it most surely opines
A much better chance if you wish to be blest ;

For when you've a Miss with fortune attached,
“Golden dreams”—“golden eggs”—are sure to
be hatched.

When pressed for a rhyme, it's a good way by
“split—
—ting hairs”—or perhaps words, for it seems it's
admit—
—ted—“poetical targets”—the bull's-eye to hit,
Like a bullet it flies with abundance of wit.

“Variety is charming,” but our wives
Don't seem to entertain the same opinion;
They rather think that she who best contrives
Should o'er the household hold the great
dominion;
And by a fond persuasion, not by force,
Prove “the grey mare to be the better horse.”

Or read us curtain lectures when we stand
Beside the sanctity of her bed-post,
Expecting questions answered quite off-hand,
While we're personifying “Pepper's ghost;”
And whilst our purses have the power to flow,
Declare that “money makes the mare to go.”

If I could bait my pen
As fishermen do hooks,
Perchance therē might be men
Who'd patronise my books ;
And tho' my lines may be
Composed of diff'rent thread,
I only hope to see
Their chance of being read.
However, on I go,
Regardlesfs as to that—
I'm not the first below
Who's given out the “ sprat,”
Without at all inferring
That I shall “ catch the herring.”

I know not if the world has grown sedate,
And entered into a more serious state ;
But sadly, solemnly do I relate,
That risibility is out of date.

Unless by chance we meet a giggling maid,
The elder ones appear demure and staid ;
And some don't laugh because their teeth are said
To be imperfect when they are displayed.

But “laughter” certainly did once abound ;
However flight the thought on which ’twas ground,
Its merry, happy peals, would oft resound,
Whene’er some sterling wit or jest was found.

In these hard days of thought and enterprise,
Each one upon his energy relies,
And half the pleasures of the world denies—
With some from need, others to aggrandize.

But in the present day and present tense,
Hilarity is not thought common sense ;
To laugh aloud is reckoned an offence,
And favours much of verdant innocence.

“ Laugh and grow fat ” was said to parties thin ;
“ A jolly laugh,” and not a puny grin,
To curb the ebullition felt within ;
But now ’tis only “ Let those laugh that win.”

Obesity’s not pleasant, and one “ Banting ”
Composed a work, upon that theme descanting,
To put an end to all asthmatic panting,
And modify a weasy actor’s ranting.

His screws upon the feelings quite confound
one :

A hearty “ Ha ! ha ! ” really would astound one.
Take any lengthy march, and I’ll be bound one
Has scarce been met that felt inclined to found
one.

I’m delighted to find the world’s getting better :
Altho’ I’d give vent, still I feel there’s a fetter
To curb every thought that would “ kick over
traces.”

“ I’ll sing humble pie,” for fear that some faces
Might draw a “ long mug ” with a “ nut-cracker
chin,”

As they purse up their mouth, and exclaim, “ Oh !
what fin,”

That in these days of grace

Any one should misplace

A word with a doubt, which would make a soul
ponder,

And find, after all, it is *double entendre*.

Had the great Rabelais
Been alive at this day,
He’d have found himself muzzled and little to say ;

Like the poor canine tribe, he'd have found a
prevention

Put over his caput to stop the intention.

O Lights of the Past ! where is Swift ? where is
Sterne ?

And the “great Alexander”?—I mean little Pope:
Tho’ your body was crooked your mind had a scope,
That, while language shall last,

You can ne’er be o’ercast,

But your eloquence radiant eternally burn ;
But if your “shade” should meet me—say to-night—
I’d tell you one thing—which was not polite—

For which you’re blamed, and I’ll not take your
part ;

But ’tis reported you did falsely say,
To trusting husbands’ and their wives’ dismay,
“ That ev’ry woman is a rake at heart ; ”
And then that greater libel you let fall—
“ Most women have no characters at all.”

Until we meet the subject must remain
For ev’ry man and wife to quibble over ;
And you of course the secret will retain,
Since you’re the only man who could discover
This “bitter pill” for ev’ry faithful lover.

But as your mind sarcastically waged,
We cannot wonder that sometimes, enraged,
You'd "spit your spite" upon "the weaker vessel,"
And form a "Tartar" for poor man to wrestle—
An unexpected one for him to "catch"—
And prove a "lord of the creation's" match.
But as you probably were never wed,
I think 'twas spleen by which your brain was led,
To raise up doubts upon our marriage beds,
And set both men and wives at "loggerheads."

Cafeley has studied "The Rape of the Lock,"
And help'd himself well to the jeweller's stock ;
But his skill would have been on the wrong "side
of Jordan,"

If the safe had been made by the famed Samson
Mordan.

Talking of Samson recalls to my mind
A chapter I fancy in Judges you'll find,
Where Delilah (whose conduct all modesty shocks).
Found Samson's "safeguard" was contained in
his "locks."

This is a fact I've derived from the Bible,
And inserting it here gives no action for libel.

Bibo, 'twas reported, was "up to snuff,"
But not for his nose—he preferred a puff
Of tasty tobacco by way of a smoke;
He could sing a good song, and crack a good
joke,
And a fly bit of fun at his neighbours poke.
Sometimes, irascible, he'd in a storm
Of indignation speak about the "Rights
"Of Man," and then about a "Great Reform"
Some people look upon as only blights;
But "Universal Suffrage" will some day
Proclaim the "Age of Reason" bears the fway.

If any of them "came it strong,"
Or drew "the bow that's christened long,"
To act on his credulity;
It always was a rule that he
Would never say they lied;
But put his thumb unto his nose,
If in his mind a doubt arose,
And spread his fingers wide.
To put your thumb unto your nose,
And then suppose

Your little finger an extender,
 Merely means—"To take a fight"—
 "Over the left"—"Over the bender"—
 Nearly synonymous, or quite,
 Translated in a vulgar light;
 Tho' not uncivil
 An act—I've as much right to handle too
 As any one—"to hold the candle to
 Old Nick, the Devil."

Of beer he ne'er cried "*Jam satis*"*—enough,
 Or the other oration,
 Or rather quotation,
 When he took a potation—
 I mean what the doctors call "*quantum suff.*"
 I'm writing now of beer,
 Tho' Horace wrote of snow;
 But mine's the better cheer—
 At least I'm thinking so.

By Horace and snow I will not be outdone;
 But open my portholes and run out a gun,
 Or else have a tilt, for the sake of mere fun.

* Horace, Ode 2, vol. i.

Presto ! I've got it in a trice ;
Instead of snow, I'll take to ice—
In summer-time it's very nice.
So listen to a friend's advice—
In fact you'd better note it
Precisely as I quote it :—

When thirst is great and appetite tiny,
Don't drink hot grog—try "*frigidum sine.*"

"Twas all Greek to him about Sardanapalus,
Yet he ran like a man, "flap bang," to an alehouse.

One went for a rhyme ;
The other would chime,

When he found the beer bad, "‘ Odds bodkins,’
your ale is

" As rank as a *fox-glove* (verse fays *digitalis*) ;
" 'Twill poison us all, and no doubt entail us
" A nameles retreat—not a treat to regale us."
Tautology blushes at Sardanapalus.

Supposing he knew not, as many do not,
The root of a verb, because he forgot ;
As a rapier gets dull when laid in a scabbard,
Though once 'twould have punctured the shell of
a crab hard,

Yet being good steel, tho' it's covered with rust,
The weapon is there, if you open the crust.

Meet with a fool with money in his purse,
Altho' his mind's not worth a "tinker's curse,"
If he's surrounded by a sponging crew,
Clap on your hat and bid them all adieu ;
For if you stay the chances are you'll rue,
And have occasion to cry out "*par Dieu.*"
If any controversy should arise—
Altho' your argument may be correct,
Back'd by good sense, and offered with respect—
You'll find too late, and with displeased surprise,
Because you differ, tho' you're in the right,
Still they'll proclaim and tell you you are
wrong,
To please the poor demented, brainless wight ;
And what he chants they echo to his song,
Just like a lot of silly donkeys braying,
Confounding ev'ry word that you'd be saying,
And by their brutal force of lungs revealing
That where no sense is given, there's no feeling.

Old poets used to make a verse
Upon their “loves” expatiating,
And in long lines, too, would rehearse
Their tortures most excruciating.

Fancy making verses now,
Or to compose a sonnet,
“Unto my mistres’ eyebrow,”
And all the hairs upon it.

Those days are gone by—
It’s no use to try ;
The world’s getting fly to new dodges
Since gunpowder-treafon ;
With common sence—reasen—
All our fires are put out by “Hodges.”
There’s the “Prince of the land,”
With a “Duke” close at hand,
Who make it a sourse of employment ;
If your house catches fire,
It’s their greateft desire
To give you their time as enjoyment.
Then drink we succels
To the cause they carefs ;

May they ne'er meet distres,
Nor their " shadows grow les ! "

'Tis jolly to live and enjoy oneself;
'Tis jolly to do what we like with our pelf—
That is, presuming a man is not hard up ;
In that case 'tis useles the pocket to guard up :
But Bibo, tho' not an extravagant fellow,
Without money found it at least inconvenient
When he liked to go out and make himself
mellow,
And often wished Fortune a little more lenient.
Bibo was thirsty, and, wanting some beer,
He felt in his pocket with something like fear ;
For, tho' in that pocket at times a believer,
Occasions occurred when it proved a deceiver.
He sought from the top to the bottom of it,
But could not find even a " threepenny bit."
With a look of dismay and desperate gripe,
He clutched the remains of a short broken pipe ;
And then with a vengeance he swore by St. Jago,
As if his poor back had a touch of lumbago.

Oh ! poor Bo Bibere,
There's no relief ;

You're "come to grief,"
And in a sad state of misery ;
Not even a pipe, that chief of confolers,
Admitted by all who are jolly cheek jowlers.

Oh ! sacred place, where single friars,
By being taught to curb desires,
And mortifying all that's evil,
Escape the clutches of the Devil ;
When in a Salamander dres
They have the pow'r to curse or bles,
And ever ready for confession
(A vital point in their profession),
Monk or friar, whate'er their grade is,
Are always ready for the ladies.

Women, women ! is it treason
To ask you to explain the reason,
And tell us why your souls appear
Than ours to priests so much more dear ?

Confession ! wondrous pow'r ! which first spreads
like a veil
Of gauze, but soон becomes as hard as adamant.
Once let its subtle influence o'er the mind prevail,
And then resistance's lost for ever to recant.

Gone! hopeless! gone! the precious liberty of
life,
Producing grief and torture to the hapless wife.

And thou, poor husband of that wife divorced
In all but name! Her mind, that noble part
Which once was all thine own, is now enforced
By one who knows the secrets of her heart
Far better than in all thy dreams of love
Thou hadst the capability to prove :
Her body still is left at thy control,
But he usurps the empire of her soul.

Pray do the nuns whose intermural lives
Deprive them of the chance of being wives,
And monks who both in solitude and single,
Ne'er with the nuns in conversation mingle ?
Are those soft, tender feelings, which the heart
Can no more disannul than bid depart,
Left blank for ever by a life austere,
Denying all the outer world holds dear ?
If so, 'tis strange how they can live content
Without the great enchantment Nature sent ;

Immured in living tombs, those great sarcophagi*
Consuming human flesh like Anthropophagi.

While we're with daily cares opprest,
Are we to think those maids at rest?
God help their souls! I hope they're blest,

And yet I cannot see it:
Altho' in sombre clothes they're dreſt,
And after they are all confest,
Their innate feelings they'd invest

As Nature's laws decree it.

"If wishing and the crime are one," †
There must be something wicked done
Either by tacit thought or act:

What pow'r have they to help it?
I know not how may stand the fact,
Or what they do to counteract,

Whatever we may yelp it;
For well we know that human nature
At certain ages must be mature;

* Peculiar stones of which coffins were anciently made, and so called because they quickly consume the flesh.

† Little's Poems.

And is it really a religious zeal
These monks and friars in their conscience feel
While gazing on such scenes of lovely delectation?
Or do they leave the nuns to pine with sheer
vexation?

'Tis strange, but true, when Time, which levels
all,

And nunn'ries crumble to their last foundations,
That workmen, when they have to overhaul
Those ruins, find amidst their excavations
Hundreds of infants' skeletons—each bone
A proof that nuns don't always live alone.*

* FOREIGN CONVENTS.—“In 1829, at Charenton-sur-Seine, near Paris, I was engaged on the works of Manby and Wilson, under Mr. Holroyd, the engineer of the works, when, time after time, large numbers of infant skeletons were discovered in all parts of the premises, which I believe had been a convent of a very strict order of nuns. At first we did not take much notice of the circumstance; but when the attention of Mr. Holroyd and Mr. Armstrong was called to the singular affair, we were directed to count the remains; and from that day we counted, and placed to one side, no less than 387 entire skeletons of infants. We took no account of parts of skeletons, which, if they had been all put together, would have far outnumbered the entire ones which were counted. I speak far within bounds when I say that there were found not fewer

Some think it right to call a priest a “Father,”
But the paternity I would deny,
Unless it’s meant to be a sign or token,
“For oft a true word may in jest be spoken.”
I hate hypocrisy! and I would rather
Bequeath a curse to my own progeny,
Than they should fall into the trap that’s set
By Rome to catch them in its fatal net.

We little know the pranks of Romish friars,
The where, and how, they gratify desires;
To keep them chaste (altho’ the case is hard),
I’d have them all like Peter Abelard.
“ Truth, like the radiant sweets of virgin-bees,”*
In the same foil admits of no degrees;
Tho’ my capacity to reach the goal
Be weak, yet strong’s the purpose of my soul.

than the remains of 800 children; and there was not a single bone of an adult person among them. The Mayor came to the premises, and had the bones placed in boxes, and privately buried in the cemetery; and orders were given to hush up the affair.”—*Copy from “The Daily Telegraph.”*

* Struan.

Young priests and nuns just ent'ring into life,
Pause! ere ye cross the threshold of your doom ;
Nobly attempt the world's capricious strife
Than yield your lives to misery and gloom,
Left, taught by wicked doctrines to forego
The laws ordained by Nature to fulfil,
You make religion but a raree-show,
Gainful alone to those who would instil
That what they say is right; and Nature wrong,
That you may join their foul fallacious throng.
Seductive are the meshes that are woven
To lure the senses with their blandishment :
The splendid robes which cover something "cloven,"
Like panoplies which few can penetrate ;
With mummeries that are outlandish, sent
As baits to tempt the victims to their fate ;
The mellow'd lights, and all the gorgeous trappings,
As hollow as the faith in "spirit rappings ;"
The solemn choir, where blend the dulcet strains,
To thrill the heart and melt the softest brains ;
With all those scenic, masterly achievements,
Producing in our homes those sad bereavements,
And causing pangs in parents' breasts, devoid
Of daughters surreptitiously decoyed—

These are the agencies so freely given
To blind the mind and lead astray from heaven.
But in the depth, the centre of the whole
(Like that famed apple on the Dead Sea shore—
So fair without ; like ashes to its core),
Instead of leading to a pious goal,
'Twould warp the heart and paralyze the soul.

Great are the symbols which our God has given
To elevate the mind—*direct* to heaven ;
And men with sense feel nerveless to refute
Examples taught them by th' inferior brute.
The smalleſt insect that we tread on earth
Bears in it evidence of wondrous birth ;
And with intricate mechanism vies
With other forms, tho' multiplied in size.
Swift on the wing the piebald swallow flies,
Rejoicing in the warmth of summer skies
(That welcome harbinger of coming spring).
Whence is the instinct ? or what gift supplies
That guiding star—that inborn power—to bring
From Afric's coast the little wand'rer back,
True in its course, without a chart to track

Through weary leagues from that warm clime it leaves,
To seek its native home beneath our eaves ?
Nature's the page Omnipotence displays
To court inquiry in her secret ways ;
So fair a book ! where revelation beams
In one eternal blaze of endless streams—
Where Science grounds her work upon the laws
Of one unerring, one Almighty cause ;
And tho' we seek in diff'rent ways to shew
Our gratitude for gifts that daily flow,
Dear on the record of our hearts should be
That liberality of mind, to see
That each possessing reason may enjoy
His own religion without false alloy ;
But where usurping on another's right,
The whole becomes a curse—a deadly blight.
Show me the creed enlightenment can blend
Propitious in its course to reach the end :
There would I be a worshipper in heart,
Till death proclaimed the moment to depart.

I see around a poor illit'rate race,
Scarce one remove from instinct-foul disgrace ;

Ask their religion, and they only say
That absolution takes their sins away.

Ablution's better than an absolution ;
And "aqua pura" saves us from pollution ;
Tho' 'tis not holy by a priestly blessing
To my poor mind *that* never is distressing ;
But I thank Nature, who in kindness gave
So pure an element for us to lave ;
Since "cleanliness is next to godliness,"
We cannot but the salient truth confess,
That he who's fond of taking a lavation
Must be upon the high road of salvation.
If we but knew that death would settle all,
The punishment of sins would ne'er appal ;
Then might some vices oft the senses tempt,
Reliant on the thought "from wrong exempt."
But conscience curbs us when we would commence

Aught that would turn the scale of common sense ;
And, tho' beyond the pow'r of human scope,
Our reason justifies us in the hope
Of changes yet to come—when we shall be
Called to our mother earth by death's decree.

I'm very fond of what is called digressing,
Although the time we take may be but brief;
It gives a man more freedom in expressing;
And changing subjects is a great relief.
But yet the theme which my "Wax-end" is bent
on

You'll find he's not forgotten, but intent on.

Oh ! poor benighted creatures, like a flock
Of sheep ! The wily father's laughing-stock !
He ne'er could thrive unless the Devil's hand
Propped up his throne to curse Italia's land,
And would intrude, by his false "right divine,"
Upon our shores, because we are supine.
Truth needs no mask—a fact's a stubborn thing,
Loud may the tocsin through the country ring.
"Up, guards ! and at them !" ere the upas tree
Sprouts out its leaves, to poison all that's free.

I've often wondered why an Oxford parson
Will leave his creed as if accused of arson ;
And, after having made our Church so hot,
He then departs to Rome to "boil his pot."

There must be certain mysteries
Beyond the ken of outward eyes—

Some fountain, spring, or under-current,
Some deep, some underground event,
Bad at the best, and still abhorrent.

I own like others I've a predilection
To write a curse or dreadful malediction ;
And Brother Ignatius,
At Bristol, good gracious !

Attempted another which seems quite audacious ;
The thing is absurd and put down as fallacious,
Excepting with monks who are always rapacious.

I'd write a curse, if I'd the tools to work ;
I'll name those tools—see how I make a quirk.

Had I a raw stick
Of lunar caustic
By way of a pen,
I'd do it then.
With a dip of acetic
To act as emetic,
I'd make it splenetic
And rather prophetic,
Each word should fall
“ Bitter as gall.”

Think of the “ Inquisition,”
Once in great requisition—

The tackles
And shackles,
The gyves and the pains,
The dungeons and chains,
With all sorts of teasers
Like pliers and tweezers,
To pull out the nails.
Humanity quails,
And language half fails
To depict all the doings
When they brought frames to ruins.
Remember the “rack,”
How it made the limbs crack,
With thumb-screws and all the sad parapher-
nalia,
Concocted to make up the hellish regalia.
How they all felt delighted
When the faggots ignited,
And the doomed heretics
Were burnt up like bricks ;
Each one called a gentile
They’d roast like a pantile,
With fire and sulphur
That made them all gulp ah !

While the stench of the bodies, as reeking it
rose,

Was the finest of scent to the Catholic nose.

How they glutted and boasted

As the poor creatures roasted !

When King Ferdinand *

(The Pope his right hand)

Thought proper and fit

To call Holy Writ

As a justification and mystical part

Of the teachings the fanatics learnt so by heart,

By which they deluded their ignorant state,

And trembled for fear they might share the same
fate.

Still, without any acid,

I'll not become placid,

But will "pitch ahead" rapid,

Leaving out all the vapid ;

For in thee, dear "Wax-end," I've reliance and
hope ;

I'll spin and enlarge thee—I'll make thee a rope.

* The Spanish Inquisition, first erected by King Ferdinand and the Pope.

By-the-bye, dear “Wax-end,”
Why did we ne’er attend
To tie up the brothers they call Davenport?
If they only had us,
With their humbug and fuss,
They would find all their sport
Would be briefly cut short;
We’d bind them so tightly, so knotty and
“taut,”
That profaneness itself and aught preternat’ral
Would be spiritless, wriggling about on the
lateral.

There are great secrets we shall never know,
Unless we graduate as priests, and go
To “Tiber’s City,” and then kiss the toe
Of Pio—alias him they call Nono;—
But God forbid we ever should do so,
Let’s understand the word to mean—no! no!
If any priest should e’er effay to try us,
I hope he’ll find that we are not “Pope pious,”
Tho’ he may fit and bluster bulls and thunder—
They’ll end in smoke, like any “nine days’
wonder.”

We hear of strange things with the Lawns and
the Ermines,
Tho' high their position, yet good sense determines
That a wrong cannot be a right man in the place
Concerning the welfare and laws of our race ;—
A decision there may be in matters terrestrial,
But I think not in those which we call the celestial.
Dame Nature's laid down as a maxim most kind,
That each different head has a different mind ;
It may be the reason so seldom we find
That two of a trade can in unity bind.

I can't understand why the Bishop of Natal,
When tried by some heads, who declare it is fatal
(As they sit in conclave and say it's quite wrong)
That a blackbird should dare to chant his own
song.
By all that is good—by the Great Pow'r that gave
us
A reason to think and to act for the best—
Should two or three brains claim the great right
to save us,
And ignore all the sense that's bestowed on the
rest ?

If I were a judge on such delicate ground
(Tho' arguments trite may be easily found),
To another man's dictum I'd ne'er be a minion,
But would let ev'ry man still enjoy his opinion.
Remember "Quot homines, tot sententiae;"
To believe not's a species of magna dementiae:
This subject has bother'd the minds of all men so;
Yet who knows who's right in the case of
Colenso?

Revere as we may do "The Thirty-nine Articles,"
Still, errors there may be, in some of the particles;
They are but decisions of poor frail humanity,
And thought mostly of for the sake of urbanity;
If any subscribe without raising objections
They can't complain after of any deceptions,
However in time they may form new conceptions—
As a man who attaches his name to a bill,
For good or for ill, he is bound to it still;
Or when a man's fixed in a tight pair of boots,
He feels most acutely the corn when it shoots.

It's well to enlighten our minds with the fact
That as parsons do preach they don't always act;

Tho' some may be pious, there're others I think
Who are tarr'd with a different sort of a link ;
From time immemorial we know it's no sin
Believing that monks fortify well within ;
And every dainty this world can afford
Is sure to be found nicely spread on their board—
Or how can it be that those vile flagellations,*
With penances, fasts, and all rough castigations,
Can ever be looked at as mere delectations.

The wear and the tear
The body must bear
Requires at least a generous fare.
No one can deny
There must be a demand,
And then a supply,
From the fat of the land.
By this it would seem
That water-gruel
Is not the fuel
“To get up their steam.”
We are led to opine

* Flagellants, a fraternity in the Thirteenth century, who preferred whipping to martyrdom, and held that scourging one another was the chief virtue in Christianity.

How happy they dine,
And drink away at the best of wine ;
How they chuckle and laugh
As their cups they quaff,
And freely confes the refectory bell
To the ears of a monk's a fav'rite knell.
We very well know a flogging don't suit
The back of a full able-bodied recruit ;
The “ cat-o'-nine-tails ” is a penance too strong
For humanity's laws, and can't be borne long :
The monks doubtless used a more delicate thong.
Were they ever yet known to go off in a swoon ?
As the Yankees would say, “ or as dead as a
coon ? ”
Yet such with our soldiers is often the cafe—
A stigma—a slur—a fiendish disgrace—
A blot on the 'scutcheon of England's proud
face.

We left Bibo thinking
Of pipes and of drinking ;
And there he sat brewing
Of what they were doing,
And their “ little game.”

I forgot to mention,
Altho' my intention,
His public-houfe, “ The Horfe-Shoes ” by name.
Yes, that was the place where he felt fo delighted ;
When unable to go, his prospects were blighted ;
At leaft for that night he would feel quite benighted,
Tho' his Polly's sweet charms he never once flighted,
So happy was he on the choice he'd alighted—
So faithful and true to the vows he had plighted.
Had another proposed, he'd have felt quite affrighted ;
Her love would be lost, or at leaft unrequited.

Now only to think that a paltry fhilling
Will make a man's throat quite pleafant and thrilling,
While another will pay fome pounds for a bottle
For the very fame purpose, to tickle his throttle.

It happen'd one day,
While his wife was away,

Bibo threw down his awl
And the “ last ” that was on his knee ;
He thought of his Poll,
And wonder’d where she could be :
It was certainly time she was home to tea ;
For when he’d nothing else to sup,
He’d condescend to take a cup.
The thirsty feeling which he had,
And wanting money, made him fad.
He thought his wife would not refuse }
Some cash she’d taken for the pews,
Given to her by thoſe who’d choose ; }
For he depended much upon her,
And trusted greatly to her honour.
Determined thus within his mind,
His wife the next thing was to find.
But the truth must be told,
Tho’ at home very bold,
Father Roger had hinted
The last time they met,
He felt great regret
To see that he squinted ;
It being a fact, ’twas uſeless to parry it ;
Bibo’s head was so queer his legs couldn’t carry it.

Now, my “Wax-end,” for a little more thread ;
I find I want more,
My theme’s getting sore,
And I feel to approach it with dread.

As it was church cleaning day,
Towards the church he took his way ;
But what Roger said
Came into his head :
He’d a kind of dread ;
And didn’t much care
To be seen just there ;
So he crept most gently into the porch,
When lo and behold ! he saw—a torch !

What means a light in the church to-night ?
What can it be ?—has he lost his sight ?
Are his senses gone ?—his hair is upright !
His heart is funk
Tho’ not with funk :
Two figures he sees,
With bended knees.

Yes ; there they are, by the fide of a haflock !
One appears to be wearing a cassock ;

And what to him is really astounding,
He fancies he sees his own shoes rebounding—
The identical pair—he'd swear—that they were
On which he'd bestowed so very much care.
Say, was it a dream? or was it a vision?
He wondered, but couldn't achieve a decision.
P'rhaps at the moment his eyesight was doubled,
A habit with which at times he was troubled;
Yet no, that could not be “the great reason why,”
He only came out because he felt “dry;”
Besides, the affair looked so lucid and nat’ral,
The circumstance too—being two—was collat’ral.
It seemed to be odd, though he was not quite
certain,

In confession he thought there was always a curtain,
Or some sort of wooden partition between them,
But in this case there really was nothing to screen
them.

There was his wife in open confession,
P'rhaps rubbing off a former transgression;
There was the Friar using every persuasion
To do what he could upon such an occasion.
By that I imply he was doing his best
To teach the fair sinner the ways of the blest;

Her het'rodox mind he had often affailed,
But never till now had his precepts availed.

Poor Bibo, enraged while his heart sorely fluttered,
Boldly entered with feelings he'd ne'er felt before,
And in accents of grief incoherently stuttered,
“My Mary's no virgin for you to adore.”
The priest in his dignity felt the indignity
Quivering over his head if 'twere known

That this temporal act
Would be noted a fact,

And carry conviction with greatest malignity,
If told to his father the Pope on the throne ;
And having the power of speech he loquaciously
Thought he could humble the cobbler at once ;
But Bibo was nettled, and felt most pugnaciously
That science which levels a scholar or dunce.

What did he think—what did he do ?
In the heat of his passion his Mary he flew ;
He'd have killed the priest too, only he flew
Out of the reach of his arm.
The priest being more at home in the church,
Bibo was very soon left in the lurch,

When lo and behold ! from out of the pulpit
A voice issued forth with that Catholic charm,

And thus it addressed the culprit :—

“ Bibo ! what will you do with your wife,

“ Now you have cut the ‘ thread ’ of her life ?

“ You’re sure to be hung if it’s mooted about,

“ And it’s always said that ‘ murder will out.’

“ On the Holy Church to bring such scandal

“ Will never do ;

“ And a double crime would give a handle

“ To Pagan and Jew.

“ To commit a murder on holy ground

“ Is worse than the crime I’ve done ;

“ So take my advice and ‘ let us compound,’

“ In the vaults below a grave shall be found,

“ We’ll deposit her there quite safe and sound,

“ And the deed will be known to none.

“ But mind, if you dare

“ To breathe a word

“ Of what has occurred,

“ I most solemnly swear

“ I will not forbear

“ To bring you before the Mayor,

“ And will frankly declare

“ This murderous affair
“ That you did it there,
“ Which will make all the people stare.
“ You very well know
“ In the vault below
“ I shall then have the body to shew ;
“ And all you can say
“ Will never have fway
“ Against a priest of my name.
“ A cobbler to ‘ boot ’
“ Against my ‘ suit ’
“ Would be but a losing game ;
“ And I fairly tell you, beyond any quest’on,
“ You’d not have the stump of a leg to rest on.
“ So take my advice and go out of this town ;
“ If you stop, it’s certain that ‘ you’ll be done
brown.’
“ Go forth and seek another ;
“ Had there been but a screen,
“ That fight you’d ne’er seen
“ (I admit on my part it was very remiss ;
“ One ought to be careful in taking a kifs).
“ ‘ I must have been green ’
“ When I thought ‘ all serene ; ’

“ But henceforth I'll act as a brother.

“ We're both in a mess

“ All through that carefs,

“ But it's no use to grieve for your wife ;

“ She's dead—it's now your struggle for life.

“ I've a great deal at stake

• “ ‘For King George's sake’—

(No ; that's a mistake

I ought not to make.

He meant for the sake of the Church ; but then
How came such an error to slip from my
pen ?)—

“ Say but you'll be

“ A brother like me ;

“ I'll get you at once in a monast'ry.

“ For without any joking,

“ It's really provoking

“ To think your neck's in danger of choking.

“ We must stow you away

“ From the light of day ;

“ You'll have time for serious reflection ;

“ And all I can say—

“ You'll have time to pray,

“ Which will greatly ease your dejection.

“ I know a ‘retreat’—a fav’rite haunt—
“ A lovely spot by trees o’ershaded,
“ Where you can lay, and you can chant
“ ‘The light of other days is faded.’
“ It’s very well known
“ The Church holds her own,
“ No matter the crime you’ve committed ;
“ Go into her doors,
“ Go down on all fours,
“ And your sins shall then be remitted.”

Poor Bibo felt that he was “going to pot ;”
No one could say—“Why, what a nerve he’d got.”

“ Discretion is the better part
“ Of valour,” we are taught by heart.
Besides, what could he better do
Than take a priest’s advice ?
Bibo, in grief, began to rue
The hour when he was born ;
His feelings were not very nice ;
In fact, he felt forlorn.
That very fame night,
Before morning’s light,

Bibo decided, and took to flight ;
But where he went to
Why nobody knew,
Excepting Roger and Bibo too,
Tho' nothing to do with the road he took,
His name escaped from the hangman's book ;
But had he been tried they'd have made a de-
fence
That it was not a crime "with malice prepense."
I believe it's a case the law justifies,
If done at the moment they're caught by surprise,
The evidence standing before your own eyes.
No matter, he got opportune from "a swing,"
And saved all the quibbles the lawyers might
bring.

There was great consternation
With the whole population
When Bibo and Mrs. were missed from the stall ;
Some thought they had taken "a moonlight shift."
But when it was found
He owed not a pound—
In fact, that he was not a bankrupt at all—
They were lost to see through the drift.

Inquiries were made
Among all the trade,
But when ev'ry one said that nobody knew,
It was voted by all that "the thing looked blue."

The "father" did not remain long at his post,
He looked very ill, very much like a ghost ;
He might have gone off to try and repair
His weak constitution by change of air,
But in fulness of time "he cocked up his toes
To the daisies"—a fact we're led to suppose,
But where? to this time there's not any one
knows.

With regard to affairs, it's as well to remark
That, like a good priest, he kept all in the dark.

"Coroners' inquests" are excellent things,
Tho' not introduced in the Romish societies.
When they die, do they fly upwards with wings,
And keep secret from all any foul improprieties?
On matters like these they don't keep any diaries—
It saves them a great many prying inquiries.

Be that as it may,
At this time of day

Some know "what's o'clock," tho' they can't
have a fay.

But there's nougnt we can trace of "Roger's
remains;";*

If we could we should not be repaid for our pains.

Years paffed away :
An old man gray,
The inmate of a cell,
With pious look and brow ferene,
A tale of grief could tell.
But there were none,
Not even one, †
Could dream what had befell ;
Tho' oft the tear-drop might be feen
By thofe who watched him well.

Known by his sanctity and grace,
The poor all blessed that old man's face,
For well they knew
His friendship true :

* Not Kirke White's "Remains," nor Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory."

† Roger defunct.

No one came there in vain to crave
The consolation that he gave.

But tho' to others he'd impart
A sympathy which gives relief,
None knew he bore within his heart
For years a sad, a bitter grief.

He was not happy. Tho' so good to all,
Could he o'er mem'ry throw oblivion's pall ?
Alas ! oh, no ! the vale of tears for ever
Was that sad memory which fadeth never ;
Altho' to heaven in hope he turned his eyes,
He felt within the grief that never dies.
What tho' his foul seemed centred in his smile,
His heavy heart was breaking all the while ;
For he had known love's sunshine, but its ray
Was long obscured, and sorrow held its sway
For ever o'er that broken spirit's gloom—
A secret for himself and for the tomb.

And this was Bibo—this was he
Whom now they “Father Crispin” call ;
This the good man whose sanctity
Had made him the beloved of all.

When the time was allotted he gave up his breath,
And calmly reclined on the bosom of death ;
So well had poor Crispin atoned for the past,
Surrounded he died with blessings at last.
To all he had known he acted as friend,
And let us all hope that “peace was his end.”

He scarcely had time to give up the ghost,
When Cardinals, Bishops, and all the whole host
Of clerical men, came down to inquire
What all the hulla-ba-loo was in town ;
For every “Robinson, Jones, and Brown,”
Had been heard to declare
That the ladies so fair
Neglected their hair,
And were driven to despair
At the loss of so good, so holy a friar.
On such a great man they placed all their hope—
The Cardinals stated the same to the Pope—
When, like a young skipper,
“ He pull’d up his flipper ”
(’Twould quite have surprized Cornelius Agrippa)
And said : “ My dear boys, ‘ pray tip us your
flipper ; ’

“ The women shall have their own way.

“ Without any constraint,

“ I'll make him a Saint.

“ What's his name, do you say ?”

“ Father Crispin,” say they.

“ Then, by my faith, as sure as I am

“ Vicegerent of the King of Siam,

“ ‘ Like a son

“ Of a gun,’

“ I'll canon-ize him without more delay.

“ Master Secretary,

“ Mind this, d'ye see,

“ And enter his name in the ‘ Book of Fate ; ’

“ Thereto attach our ‘ great seal of state.’

“ Be careful, and mind you ‘ make no mistake ; ’

“ Or should it be so,

“ By my blessed toe

“ You will probably go

“ To the cellar below.”

I wish to observe, to save further trouble,

In the “ Lives of the Saints ”* they make Crispin double;

* Butler's “ Lives of the Saints,” vol. x.

They write of a Crispin and also Crispinian—
An insult as great as to call him a “Fenian.”

But mine’s the legitimate Crispin
(My author I cannot refuse);
He was known to be always lisping
When drunk at the “Jolly Horse-Shoes.”

On the twenty-fifth day of October,
A day when few cobblers are sober,
At that time of year
When they brew the best beer,
The name of “Saint Crispin,” our Saint will
appear;
An almanack get and look at the date—
I know I’m correct in what I relate—
In characters red,* the colour of blood, .
You’ll be able to see it “as clear as mud.”

And now, my “Wax-end,” I’ve run out thy
thread.
Had our patron the Saint been alive and not dead,

* Saints days are printed in red ink.

There is not a doubt, without any ado,
He'd have made more of you—in mending a shooe:
With your kind assistance these lines I've run
through ;
With my very best thanks, I bid you adieu.

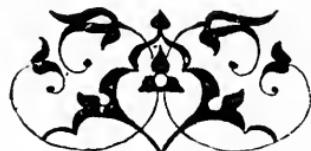
MORAL.

Pray don't, like Bibere, give way to guzzling,
And always take the greatest care of muslin :
That both can prove ungrateful you may find,
And overturn the balance of your mind ;
“ Stick to your last,” or any other labour,
And don't be always chatting with your neighbour.
Place not implicit faith in one another,
Nor fancy ev'ry man to be a brother ;
Talk with a parrot rather than a parasite,
For one can harm you though they both can bite ;
Be courteous unto all, yet not confide
In any one until their worth you've tried ;
But having found a true and honest friend,
Welcome that friendship as a great God-fend ;
Make home your comfort, and your wife's sweet
charms
The spell which ev'ry guilty thought disarms ;

Conciliate each other with a mutual feeling—
No secret thoughts within your heart concealing ;
“ For as you make your bed, so you must lie,”
Until the time arrives when you must die.

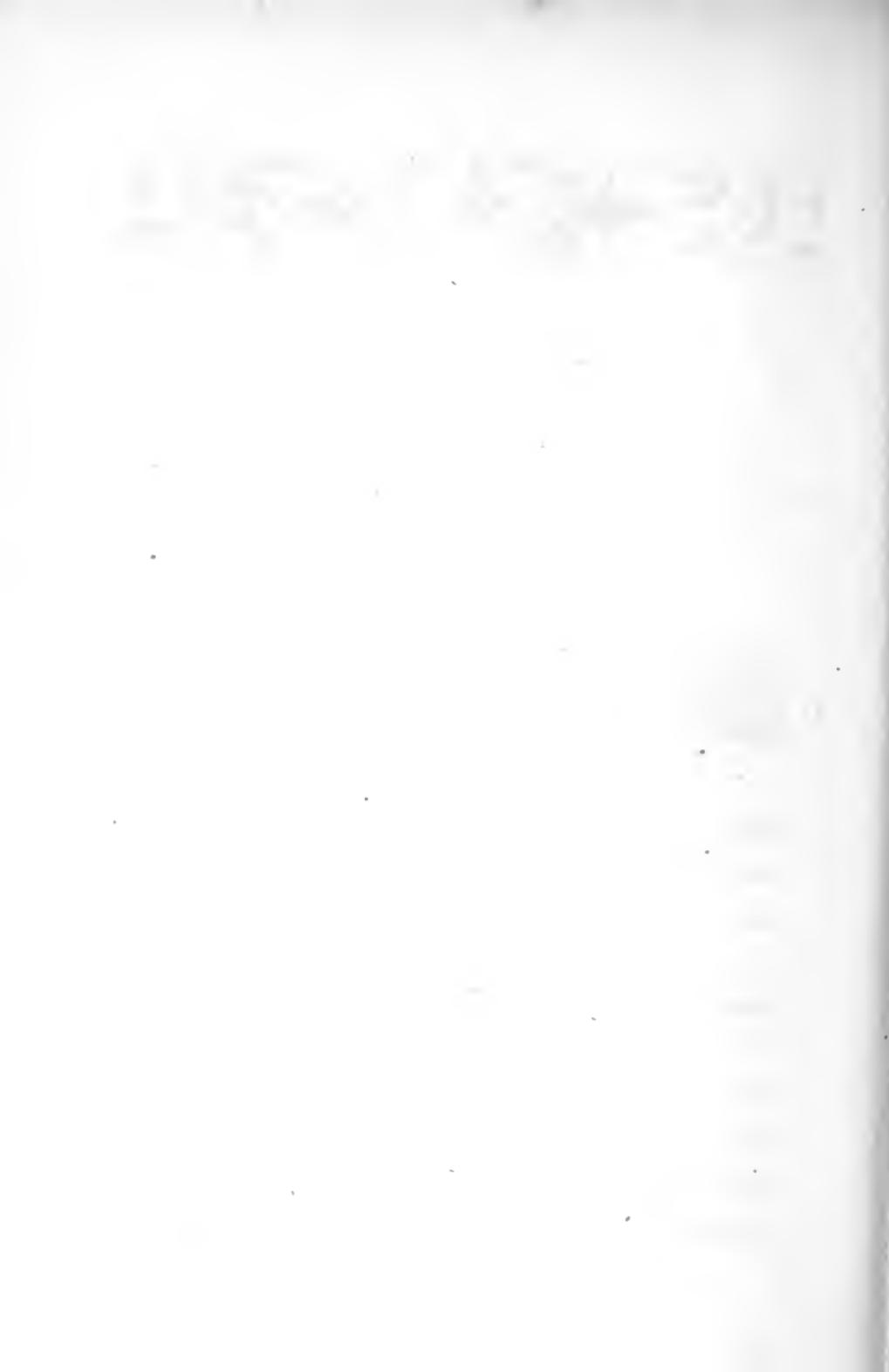
ADDENDA.

Young wives, don’t think too much about confessing ;
And husbands, ope your eyes to priests digressing ;
Be careful, priests, how you bestow your blessing,
And don’t be shocking us with vile transgressing.



WAIFS.

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.





WAIFS.

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.

ER the enamell'd surface of the deep,
 Refulgent—like a bride upon her bed,
So calm, so lovely in her midnight
 sleep—

Not e'en a cypress drooping o'er the dead
Could throw a shade upon their hallow'd rest
Like clouds reflected on her azure breast.

Before that picture of ethereal light
Two beings sat, rapt in their hearts' delight ;
Their hands were lock'd together, and their looks,
More eloquent than nature's fairest books,
Were bent upon each other, while their eyes
Told joys which mortals seldom realize.

Yet met they not clandestinely, for they
Had knelt in homage at the holy shrine,
Which sanctified their love by pow'r divine ;
And in their feelings blessed the happy day
That gave a solace to each other's heart—
In joy to live, in agony to part.

Their thoughts were far beyond that liquid light
Which spread before them from their homely
strand ;

For time had sped, and this the only night
Before they left their dear, their native land.
Ah ! who but they who've found the time arrive,
Can feel how hard, how sad it is to strive
Against the yearning passion for a home,
When forced to leave, o'er other lands to roam !
How all the little trifles of our youth
Come bursting forth, arrayed with ardent truth ;
How kindred all which bind our hearts to earth
Seem magnified into a second birth,
And reminiscences of bygone years
Add but a gloom unto our present fears ;
Yet memory can bear to lands away
The retrospect of many a happy day.

Buoyant the bed where rests the weary gull,
Lull'd by the undulation of the sea ;
And in tranquillity there lies a hull
Riding at anchor, but 'twill soon be free ;
For at the first approach of coming day
Her sails will be unfurl'd to leave the bay.

All partings o'er—each fond, each vain regret :
Yet scenes in life we never can forget—
The vessel speeds upon her destined course,
Sev'ring true hearts with feelings like remorse.
Dim fades the land : ere yet the setting sun
Throws one faint gleam, the happy vision's gone.

Borne on the ocean by propitious gales,
Which filled the area of her swelling sails,
The wat'ry element the vessel cleft,
As if rejoicing in her native home ;
And as she bounded o'er the billows, left
Far in her wake a line of eddy'ng foam.

While circling in the air thefea-gull flies,
Watching the ship with scrutinizing eyes,

And dipping with her light wing on the main
To feed, then rising, follows on again.

To gaze, to linger, o'er the vessel's side,
To watch the coruscations of the deep—
Those million little scintillating lights—
To hear the feething, gurgling noise beside
Our pillow, ere we fall at last to sleep,
Are pastimes of the wand'rer's dreary nights.

The first few weeks were passed in musing o'er
The trials of the past, and coming change ;
They'd find no greetings on a foreign shore,
But scenes which might their fondest hopes
estrangle.

He'd now a double task—to curb his grief,
And try to give his Gadra's mind relief.

“ Sweet Gadra, emblem of my fondest thought,
“ Fulfilling all which mentally I sought ;
“ Before I knew thee did my fancy dress
“ A form like thine to crown my happiness.
“ Should Fortune deign to bless my firm endeavour,
“ We need not leave our native land for ever,

“ But, when a few short years have fled, return
“ To that dear home for which our wishes
 yearn.

“ Yet crave I not for wealth more than to give
“ Thee comforts : for in thy delight I live ;
“ And as the light reflected multiplies,
“ So do I twice thy pleasures realize.”

“ Dear Percy, hadst thou not been what thou art,
“ From my fond kindred I would ne'er depart ;
“ But 'reft of thee that home we've left behind
“ Would then appear a desert to my mind,
“ And I can welcome all, both joy or care,
“ While I've the happiness with thee to share.
“ Reliant in thy love, my bliss is great ;
“ So that I lose thee not, I fear no fate.”

Such their communing ; but before the morn
They little reck'd that all would be forlorn.
Scarce had they sought retirement in their bed
When strange commotions founded overhead :
They heard a shriek, which rent the midnight
 air,
Mingled with screams of wild, of mad despair.

He ran on deck to learn the dread event,
And found the ship a mass of living fire ;
All power seemed paralyzed, and each intent
Useless to stay its ravages so dire.
The masts had caught, and every hope now gone—
His Gadra left in agony alone ;
The flames sprang up—a barrier to his course,
Defying him to penetrate their force,
And by their great intensity of heat
Leaving the sea—his death or last retreat !
Oh ! dreadful fate, with fire to contend ;
But doubly so—the waves your only friend !

Upon a spar, in sad and mournful plight,
He floated with the current, far from sight
Of her his soul adored, whose misery
Was p'rhaps more abject than his own could be.
If she existed still, what chance, what power
Could save her life much longer than an hour ?
And he could only watch the flames awhile
Consuming her upon a funeral pile ;
Or when those flames had ceased 'twould only
tell
The vessel sinking, and their last farewell.

Thus—thus was nature's fondest, dearest tie
Severed by one fell stroke of destiny.
Unconscious of each other's awful fate,
In bitterness too dreadful to relate
He mourns for her who ev'ry fancy fed :
She weeps for him as numbered with the dead.

Three days he drifted, when a pirate's band
Saved him from death and carried him to land ;
Yet death were scarce more cruel on the sea
Than doom'd to live for years in slavery.

Return we now to her who weeping stood
Upon the burning ship, lamenting him
As either burnt or swallow'd by the flood ;
And as she gazed until her eyes grew dim,
Beside the vessel on a crested wave
She saw an infant struggling with its grave.
Could she with apathy or coldness stand,
Nor try to snatch that supplicating hand ?
Oh, no ! maternal instinct only grew,
For she would soon become a mother too ;
And, with the impulse, from the ship she threw

Herself : before the wave had time to cloſe—
She clutch'd the infant, and they both arose ;
While Providence, as if to bless the deed,
Granted them succour in their time of need :
A stalwart sailor graſped them yet afloat,
And drew them gently in the just lower'd boat.

A home-bound ſhip in the offing obſerved
The glaring light, which illumined the dark ;
The captain and crew, with energy nerved,
Bore down to give help to the burning bark ;
But ere they arrived at the ſcene of woe
The ill-fated bark sank fathoms below.

They hoifted ſignal-lights, that thoſe who might
Have 'ſcaped in boats, or clung to rafts and ſpars,
Should know, could they but linger on till light,
A welcome 'waited them by brother tars ;
And in the morning found three boats containing
All that was feen of that fine bark remaining.

They ſailed about for hours, hoping ſtill
To catch a glimpse of ſome yet living being ;
But nougħt appeared their wiſhes to fulfil,
Tho' each one tried his greateſt pow'r of ſeeing.

Where's Percy? where the parents of the child?
Gone, sunk for ever, in the waters wild!

And Gadra, half distraught, nursed the boy—
Left, like herself, another “waif and stray”—
And in her anguish felt a soft alloy
Whene'er she thought upon that fatal day;
Tho' once that child belonged unto another,
Now cared she for it as the fondest mother.

The ship returned unto a port not far
Removed from that she once had left behind;
But oh! what future life could e'er debar
The memory of him to her pure mind?
And shortly, to her great delight, there came
An infant girl to blefs her Percy's name.

Now leave we her to seek on distant shores
Another “waif” upon life's tempest toss;
That Percy, whom his Gadra's heart deplores—
While he believes his Gadra also lost—
Living in flav'ry, scarce in human shape,
For eight long years before he could escape.

Once, while the pirate's crew were out at sea,
A vessel touched upon the barren strand ;
They called for water, but what ardent glee
Did Percy feel to meet them on the fand ;
And with the eloquence which grief bestows
He told them all his troubles and his woes.

Hard must the heart be that could e'er refuse
To listen to such grief, or yet withstand
The rescue of a life which none would choose ;
They took him in the boat and by the hand,
The suff'rer to a colony they bore,
To breathe the air of liberty once more.

He thought he'd try to work his passage home.
Home ! dreadful thought ! for now his fate seem'd
 cast !

Far better anywhere on earth to roam
Than go where scenes would but recall the past,
The happy omens under which they started,
And mourn o'er joys that now were all departed.

He stayed, he toiled ; and fortune seemed to smile
On all his doings, yet could not beguile

That innate passion which would ever seem
Like the existence of a lovely dream.

One day by chance he grasped a friendly hand,
Warm with affection, from his native land—
A wand’rer like himself, who came to try
What wealth a foreign country could supply.

“ Dear Percy ! whence this absence from thy
friends,

“ Whose fondest wishes ever were for thee ?

“ The only pray’r which on the good attends

“ Was breathed by all for thy felicity ;

“ Why hast thou left for years in silent gloom

“ Thy Gadra, weeping o'er thy fancied tomb ? ”

“ Is it to mock my poor, my broken heart

“ Thou breathest forth a name, whose magic found

“ Thrills through my bosom with a madd’ning
smart ?

“ In pity say ! — was not that loved one drown’d ?

“ Oh ! raise not hopes which years have scarce
allayed,

“ Lest my poor heart should be again betrayed.”

“ She lives, and had two children when I left—
“ Her only comfort, now of thee bereft.”

“ Two children, Carlos ?—is she wed again ?
“ Oh ! rack me not with such unthought-of pain.”

“ I would not, Percy, add one word to make
“ Or cause a doubt thy fancy could create ;
“ Pity alone, my friend, for thy dear sake,
“ Would wish to see thy griefs alleviate ;
“ But what I said are facts—though stern, yet
 true ;
“ If rumour’s true, so true I’m telling you.
“ I, like yourself, have been away for years,
“ Tossed in a whirlwind both of hopes and fears ;
“ Nor have I seen thy Gadra, but have heard
“ She had a little babe when she arrived ;
“ Since then she’s had another, and contrived
“ By industry, and what her friends conferr’d,
“ To live. Nor is she wed again ; your name
“ She still retains ; nor is one word of blame
“ Cast on her ; yet ’tis strange. She wore for
 years
“ Her widow’s weeds, and in herself appears

“ A model of her sex ; yet who can be
“ The father of her youthful progeny ? ”

“ Carlos ! thy converse warps my weary brain,
“ And a solution of the fact seems vain ;
“ To have two children of a diff’rent age
“ Paffes my power of sense. I did presage
“ She would have one, so Gadra did proclaim ;
“ E’en had she twins their age would be the
 same ;
“ Or if without our knowledge she is wed
“ To some one else, thinking that I am dead,
“ The time appears too brief from what you’ve
 said ;
“ And through the lab’rinth of my tortured
 thoughts
“ I find no answer to their vain resorts.

“ Oh, Gadra ! beauteous star ! thou garner’d shrine
“ Of my affections, I could not intwine
“ One guilty thought in all my dreams of thee,
“ Or ever charge thee with duplicity ;
“ If thou art wed, in ignorance that I live,
.. Tho’ death to me—still—still I could forgive.

“ Soft as the air that ‘wakes th’ Æolian strings—
“ Vibrating chords—so thy remembrance brings
“ Sensations to my heart, which seem to speak
“ Warm from thy balmy breath upon my cheek.
“ For years when I imagined thou wert gone,
“ I thought of thee amongst those stars that shone
“ Upon my path, to cheer my midnight toil—
“ Ideal blifs commingled with thy youth
“ As thou hadst been on earth. Oh! happy
 dream !
“ Radiant in all its purity and truth.
“ Tho’ thou’rt alive, I could not now despoil
“ Those treasured thoughts within my heart
 supreme ;
“ And thy chaste love, dear Gadra, ne’er was cast
“ But in a mould like mine, with life to last.”

Oh! that the pow’r of wings could give him
 flight,
As on the breeze ethereally caught,
Swift as the rays that dart with morning light,
Or even pass to her as fleet as thought :
Such would his transit be to gain access
To her—his Gadra—in her loneliness.

Now bounds a bark across the ocean foam,
Beneath the beauty of a summer sky,
And bears our Percy to his long-lost home,
By all save one forgotten, or well nigh.
Yet still he lives, and comes in anxious dread
To seek for her who mourns him with the dead.

And as the gallant ship more quickly flies,
More quickly beats the wand’rer’s careworn heart ;
While as his native shores to vision rise
They’re yet obscured, for nature’s tears will start,
As mem’ry whispers with each liquid gem,
Had Gadra and myself ne’er quitted them.

The vacillating metal in the glafs
Anon doth rise and then again will fall ;
So in his breast would joy as funbeams pafs,
And then despair o’ershade it with its pall.
Thus Percy felt, and tho’ in heart a hero,
The strong man’s courage fell to sorrow’s zero.

Like “*ignis fatuus*” o’er a chasm fell,
Luring the houseless traveller in the night,
Who looks with gladness on the mystic spell
Shining in beauty with unearthly light,

Until the flick'ring phantom falsely flies,
And depths below th' unwary victim lies.

Or like the light that burns near hidden woes,
Lit by the ruthless wrecker's cursed hand,
Which bids the storm-tost sailor seek repose ;
And whilst he dreams of wife and fatherland
The vessel bilges! and death's direst throes
In gurgling waters his vain struggles close.

Now Percy stood upon the land once more,
And viewed that cottage erſt of blifs the throne ;
No recognition greēts him as of yore,
No loved embrace or fond affection's tone.
Alas! the sepulchre were far more sweet
To him, for there his heart had ceased to beat.

The twilight wanes, and melts to starry night,
With pale wan Luna's beams upon the spot ;
And there, by her own soft and silv'ry light,
Was Percy wending to his Gadra's cot.
The monkish robe and cowl—austere attire!—
Proclaim the wearer as a holy friar.

He gently knock'd at her own latticed door,
And humbly ask'd to see that lady fair;
His prayer was granted, and one minute more
He saw his wife, and breathed the self-same air.
Oh, God! the strength it took him to control
That moment's trial of his inmost soul!

Then Gadra spoke—“ Oh! holy father, say
“ What is thy mission here—oh, pray impart.
“ Can I do aught to cheer thy pilgrim way?
“ Or art thou sent to ease my broken heart?
“ I'll help thee, father—for myself my tears
“ And child are solace for my future years.”

In accents low and falter'ring he replied—
“ I ask for nothing, but would soothe thy woe.
“ Why mournest thou for one who, long since died,
“ Sleeps in the caverns of the deep below?
“ But, though he lies beneath the billows wild,
“ Thou hast a treasure in his ne'er seen child.”

“ She is my life-tie, and God in his mercy
“ Sent me a comfort in my angel's face,
“ And made her image of my sainted Percy,
“ Whose ev'ry lineament in her I trace.

“ And this not all ; for in that night of fear
“ A drowning mother fank—her son is here !

“ I was no mother then, but felt a joy
“ In shelt’ring her poor orphan in my breast,
“ And as kind heaven trusted me that boy,
“ I’ve done a mother’s duty, and feel blest.
“ Scarce summers three had o’er this infant flown,
“ When I adopted him as if my own.”

Emotion shook th’ apparent friar’s frame ;
In utt’rance choked, he ask’d that he might see
Those children fair ; and straightway forth they
came,

Young Hubert first, and then sweet Amelie ;
And in that laughing rosy little elf
Percy beheld the reflex of himself.

Sweet calm now reign’d in that once troubled
breast ;

The Romish gabardine he tore away,
And there her loved brave Percy stood confess’d,
As she beheld him on that fatal day.
Disguise was useleſs ; constancy thus tried
Was pure as spotleſs snow, and thus he cried :—

“Enough! my feelings I cannot subdue;
“My long-lost Gadra, welcome to my heart!
“And thou, my darling girl, and Hubert too,
“We meet this night, ah! never more to part!”
While Gadra, dove-like, flew to his embrace,
And kiss’d the tears upon his manly face.







THE BODY-SNATCHERS.

UPPON a cold November night
Two body-snatchers went to
work;
They never felt a qualm or fright
To raise a body or to "burke."

The road led round an old churchyard,
A steep approach upon a hill,
A six-feet wall the only guard
Against the depredators' skill.

A drunken man who had to pass
Close by the church to reach his home,
Had never dreamt of fear, alas !
Or else he never would have come.

He felt he had a certain reason
To lean against the wall, because
His head appeared like plotting treason ;
In fact he scarce knew where he was.

He heard a footstep coming up
Towards the place where he had settled,
But having had a drop to sup
He didn't feel his courage nettled.

He thought whoever it might be
Would onward walk, not seeing him ;
For in the dark he couldn't see
The customer who looked so grim.

As fate would have it, 'twas the spot
Selected for their operation ;
The chosen body they had got
Out of the grave by exhumation.

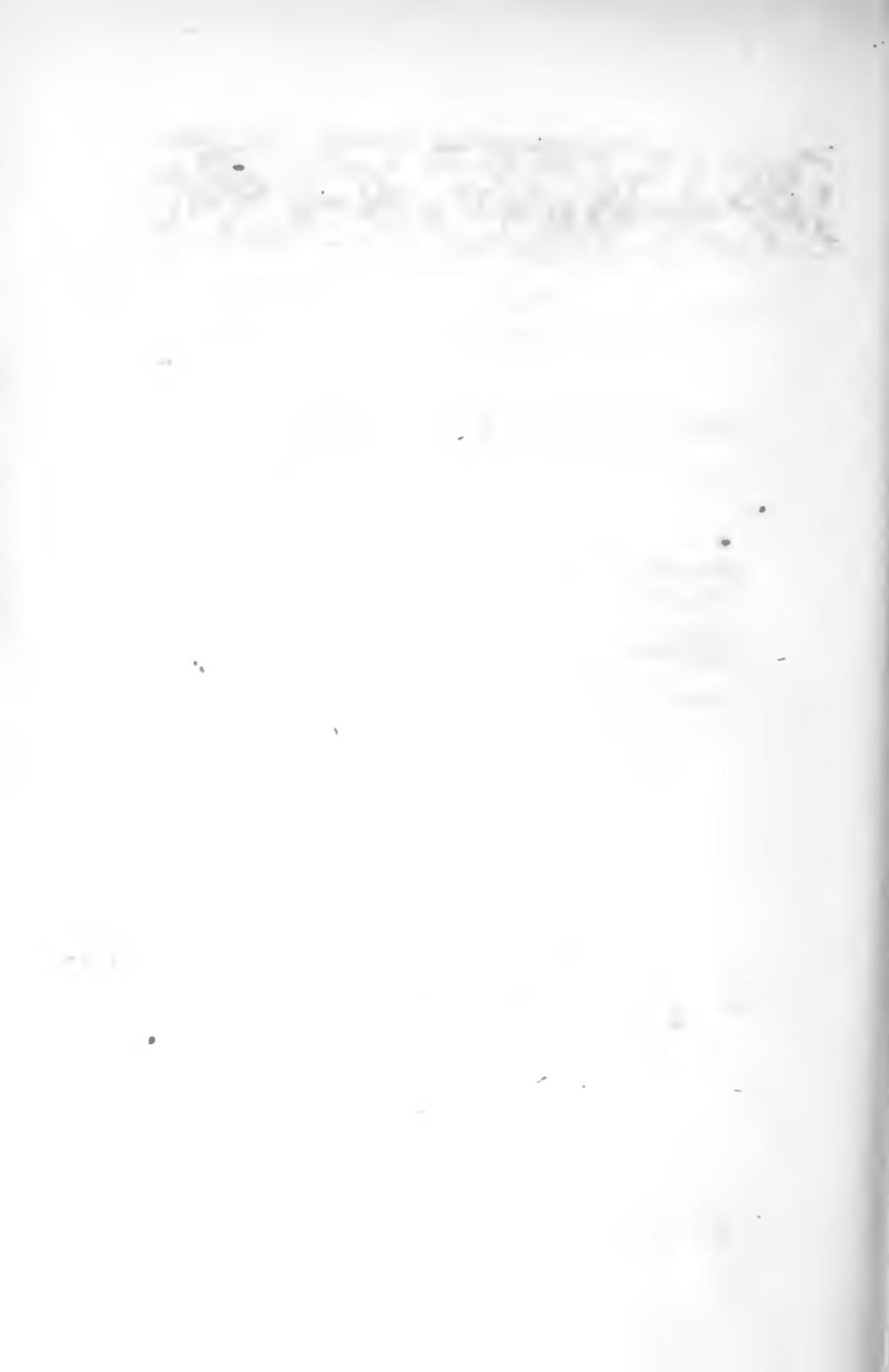
The man outside looked all around,
And whistled to his mate within,
And said—"Bill, all seems safe and sound."
The other with a ghastly grin

Cried—"He's a fat 'un ; to my thinking
" 'Ten quid' he'll fetch, or I'm a duffer."
Says Joe—"All right ! now in a winking
" Pitch in the road the stiff old buffer."

And quickly down it came a thwack,
Much to the countryman's surprise,
Who started up, and in a crack
Ran off ; while Joe cried, "Bless my eyes!"

And bellowed—"Here's a pretty bother,
" And sure the Devil is to pay ;
" You'd better pitch us down another ;
" That 'tother fellow's cut away."







THE LOST TESTIMONIAL.

A LEGEND OF DUNDEE.

 CROSS the Tay,
One wintry day,
A ferry-boat was going ;
Slow was its progres at that time—
They did it then by rowing.*
The frosted trees
Told the degrees
Of cold in crystal sparks of rime ;
And, whistling shrill
O'er the snow-capp'd hill,†
A sharp north wind was blowing.

The freightage of the ferry-boat
Consisted of an old frieze coat,

* A steamboat plies across now—distance $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

† “The Law,” 525 feet above the level of the Tay.

In which the rower was envelop'd.
The only passenger beside
Was one—a form whose youthful pride
The charms of womanhood develop'd ;
And in her lap
She held a scrap
Of paper which was dear to her :
It was her written “ character,”
Implying that the same would bear
The test of anything that's fair.

In fact, it was her “ testimonial ”—
The usual sort of ceremonial
When servants seek a situation,
The last not left from degradation.

The sharp and nipping cold benumb'd
Her little fingers as she thumb'd
The paper. Judge her great dismay :
The wind, so rough,
With sudden puff,
Caught and convey'd it far away.

“ Oh, goodness gracious ! let me crave
“ That you'll be kind enough to save

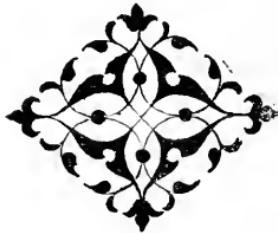
“ That precious paper mistrefs gave.
“ See there!—it’s skipping o’er the wave.
“ Oh, dear! oh, dear! ’tis gone again,
“ And all your efforts will be vain.”

The old man saw the maid’s surprise,
And thus began to moralize:—

“ No matter, lafs;
“ Time’s hour-glaſs
“ Was never known to stand;
“ But, like the river,
“ ’Twill flow for ever,
“ While there’s a grain of sand!
“ And tho’ you’ve lost
“ What was almost
“ The greatest thing for you to boast,
“ Yet, ere you leave,
“ You shall retrieve
“ It—by another on the coast.”

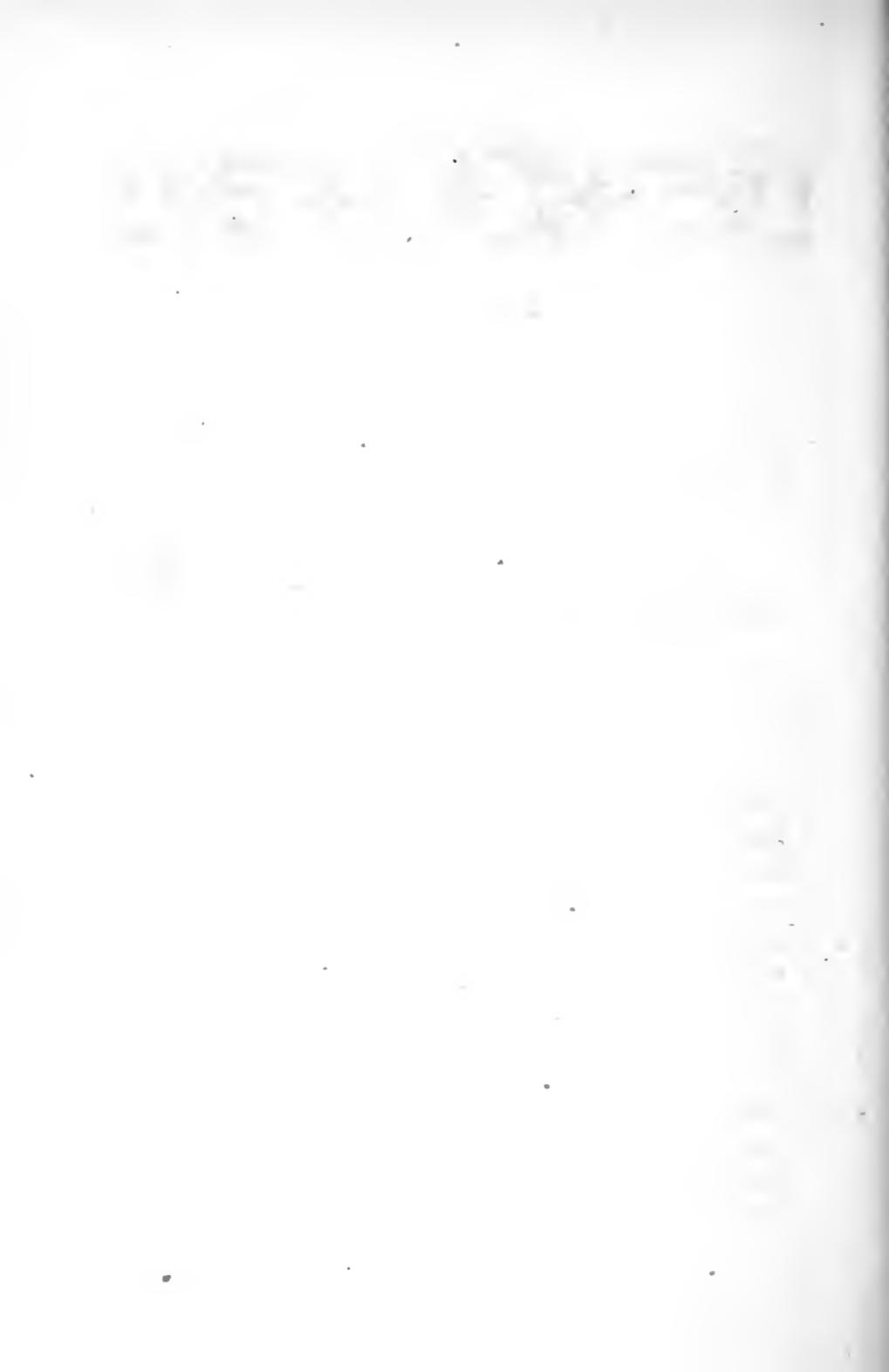
And this he did with best intent;
Annex’d you’ll find the document:—

“ This is to certify, that I,
“ The ferryman upon the Tay,
“ With this girl’s feelings to comply,
“ Most solemnly declare that she
“ Did lose her ‘character’ with me,
“ While we were crossing Broughty Bay.”



ST. THAIS
THE FAIR PENITENT.

A LEGEND OF THEBES.





SAINT THAIS THE PENITENT.

THE following abridgement from “Butler’s Lives of the Saints,” vol. 10,

Will give the pith or gift,
From which I’ve ground my grist.

About the middle of the fourth age there lived in Egypt a famous courtesan, named Thais; but the sentiments of grace were stifled in her by an unbridled love of pleasure and desire of gain. Beauty, wit, and flattering loose company brought her into the gulf, and she was engaged in the most criminal and infamous habits. This unhappy, thoughtless sinner was postling to eternal destruction, when Paphnutius, an holy anchorite, wept for the loss of her soul, the scandal of her vicious courses being public in the whole country. At length he formed a project, or a pious stratagem, in order to have access to her, that he might rescue her out of her disorders. He put off his penitential weeds, and dressed himself in

such a manner as to disguise his profession. Going to her house, he called for her at the door, and was introduced to her chamber. He told her he desired to converse with her in private, but wished for some more private apartment. "What is it you fear?" said Thais; "if men, no one can see us here; but if you mean God, no one can hide us from His all-piercing eye."

"What!" replied Paphnutius, "do you know there is a God?"

"Yes," said she, "and that heaven will be the portion of the good, and everlasting torments in hell for the wicked."

"Is it possible you should know these great truths and yet dare to sin in the eyes of Him who knows and will judge all things?"

Thais perceived by this stinging reproach that he was a servant of God, who came to draw her from her unhappy state of perdition. She burst into a flood of tears, filled with confusion at the sight of her crimes, and said, "Father, enjoin me what course of penance you think proper. I desire only three hours to settle my affairs, and I am ready to comply with all you shall counsel me to do."

Paphnutius appointed a place to which she should repair, and went back to his cell.

Thais got together all her jewels, magnificent furniture, rich clothes, and the rest of her ill-gotten wealth, and, making a great pile in the street, burnt it all publicly, inviting all who had made her those presents, and been the accomplice of her sins, to join her in her sacrifice and penance.

To have kept any would have been not to cut off all dangerous occasions, which might again revive her passions, and call back former temptations. This being done, Paphnutius conducted her to a nunnery of women; there the holy man shut her up in a cell, putting on the door a seal of lead, as if that place had been made her grave, never more to be opened.

He ordered the sisters, as long as she lived, to bring her every day only a little bread and water, and enjoined her never to cease praying.

After the space of three years, Paphnutius went to St. Antony to ask his advice if her penitential course did not seem sufficient.

St. Antony said, "St. Paul the Simple should be consulted, for God delights to reveal his will to the humble."

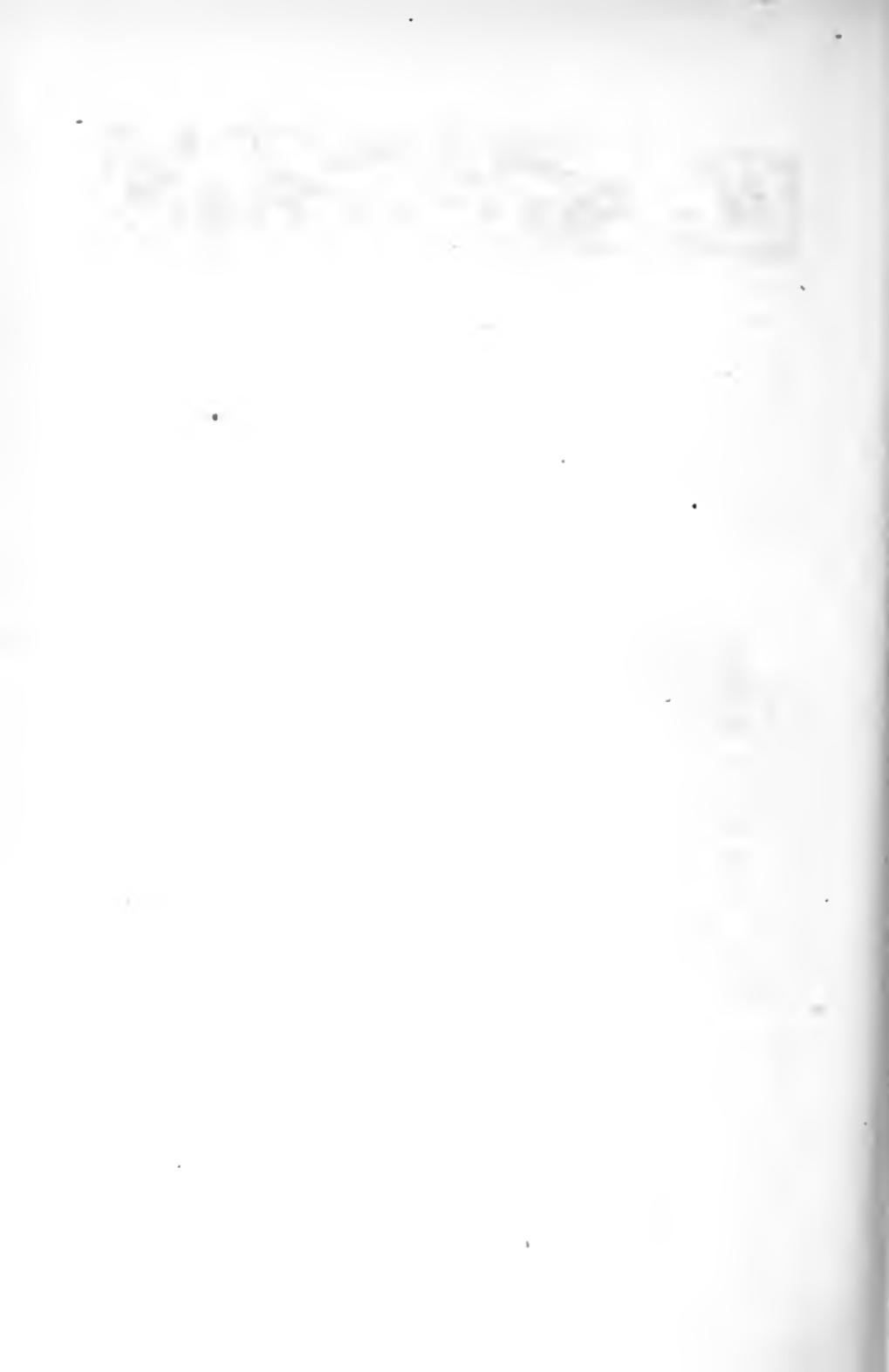
St. Paul answered "that God had prepared a place in heaven for the penitent."

Paphnutius, therefore, went to her cell to release her.

She died fifteen days after, about the year 348.

She is honoured in the Greek menologies on the eighth October.

See her life, written by an ancient Greek author, in Rosweide, D'Andilly, Bulteau, and Villefore.





SAINT THAIS THE PENITENT.

A LEGEND OF THEBES.

 SING of her whose beauty and whose
wit

Threw all the Theban ladies in a fit
Of scandal, by the knowledge of her acts—
Tho' not heroic, yet historic facts ;
No marshalled armies fighting on the plain
For life to struggle, or their rights maintain,
Led half such willing captives in their train. }

But I must change my metre, now too long,
And not at all adapted to my song.

Fair Thais was a virgin,
And ev'rybody thought her so,

Until she went diverging
With Count Boloo, who brought her to
A state of impropriety ;
In fact he'd not deny it, he
Was fond of notoriety,
 Regardless as to price ;
But when he felt satiety
He always tried variety,
 And stepp'd it in a trice.

Altho' my verse is terse,
Yet I could not rehearse,
Were I required to do it,
How these young folks went through it ;
Nor yet recount—without a dread
The vast amount—spent by the Count,
In shape of interest and discount,
In th' eleven lines you've read.

I'm bound by no laws ;
I'll tell you the cause
(Like a great many more,
I could count by the score) :

I'm regardless of dactyl and spondee ;

My pentam's
And hexam's
Are like lambs
Without dams,

Or a maiden without any fond he.

I find some lines too short, and some too long,
Have crept into the pathway of my song.

But profody does cramp one, and one's genius
lingers ;
And, *certes*, he's no poet who would count his
fingers.

If you should have a Shakespeare on your table,
You'll find that "looking at the feet's a fable." *

A poetical wit
Isn't worth half a tit
Which pops in and out of a hedge,
Unles he'd down with it,
If any pith in it,
And save us the trouble to dredge ;

* Othello, Act. V., Scene 2.

For what is transcendent
Must needs be resplendent,
Tho' the brightest of things, we can say,
Don't appear quite so bright at mid-day ;
From what I have seen
My experience has been
There's a greater delight
In a less hallow'd light—
The refinement of wit at midnight.

And yet such tricks as these won't do,
Altho' good folks at times get fou' ;
And strange, the longer they remain }
The less remembrance they retain }
Of all the rights they'd then maintain, }
Unles like Burns, who'd never go,
But still would sing "The cock may crow."
Talking of crowing, it
Puts me in mind
While I've been going it
I've left Thais behind.

While Thais's character suffer'd intensely,
The young Count's went up, in a ratio immensely.

Of luxuries fine—it's a shame they'd not hand her
“The sauce for the goose which is good for the
gander.”

The chronicles state not, so I am unable
To tell you the sauces they used upon table,
They had not in those days a Harvey, or Nichol,
Or the famous composer * of “Perry, green
pickle,”

Nor aught on the shelves of Croffe, Blackwell,
and Co.,

That epicure shop in the square of Soho,
Or “Worcestershire Sauce,” which I think all
must say,

Is the spiciest condiment known at this day.

But where am I running
With all of this funning,
Diabolical punning? I cannot maintain—
I have lost all my brain
In the first of my strain;
But the gauntlet is down, and I'm at it again.

* Smollett.

The gay Count Boloo,
Having nothing to do,
Spent his time in all sorts of frivolity;
He was always sought out
For a party or rout,
As affording the greatest of jollity.

At pic-nics, whene'er they went *à la Watteau*,
The Count would be found, as the most favour'd
beau,
Reclining so sweetly on flow'rets and glebes,
'Twas quite picturesque in the purlieus of Thebes;
But yet not so safe, by the banks of a river.
While talking "soft nothings" you'd start with a
shiver;
Instead of the fowl you were eating so gay,
As a vile crocodile had marked you for his prey,
Or perchance while admiring the flashes of fire,
Inspired by bright eyes causing softer desire;
While coolly reflecting how passion is fed,
A boa-constrictor is over your head
With still brighter eyes, dooming you for the
dead.

From scenes of such horror when homeward you've
fled

You find a big scorpion popp'd into your bed ;
Or a centipede, p'rhaps, or a cobra capello—
Not over inviting to call one's bedfellow ;
But custom's a habit which ev'ry one feels
The same, as 'tis said by "the skinning of eels."
While I'm painting such terrible blows to our
feelings,

Old Nick's got me now, for the want of fresh
dealings ;

If I'm book'd for below

When I "cock up my toe,"

Yet the De'il take Old Nick, I must still have a go
While I've life ; I'm not frightened of bogies ;
No, nor any fantastical fogies ;
If, like Faust, I've made over myself to the Devil,
The compact* was still that on earth he'd be civil.

I cannot discover
This girl's second lover,

* Mephistopheles : "I'll be your servant on earth, if you will be mine hereafter."

Tho' no doubt a rover,
And well up in clover.
“Clover and pelf”
The same thing itself
As bread is a loaf,
Tho' many an oaf
Would not easily stumble
On a rhyme that's so humble.

Her mind being open to new sorts of revelry,
She gave herself up to the joys of this earth,
And entered so fast into all kinds of devilry,
Like a second-born goddess* of laughter and
mirth.

Her *Soirées* were great ;
Young head and bald pate
Came there to relate
Their love and their fate.
They could not liquidate
Their ancestral estate.

When love holds the key which opens the locket,
How soon we arrive at the depth of the pocket !

* Voluptas.

You may read in a work by the great poet Dante
Of visions and scenes in the regions below ;
Or look at Anacreon about a Bacchante ;
And then in your readings pray turn to Sappho,

The soft, tender hearted,

When Phaon departed ;

Then dive in Propertius, with Ovid, Catullus,
And gentle Sulpicia, with naughty Tibullus.

Such a great weight of brain

Harping on the same strain,

Proves "there's nothing new under the
fun ;"

A hundred of years

Like mist disappears,

Yet the same sort of businefs is done.

But, as they have described much more than I'm
able

(Tho' much, I believe, is not true, but a fable),
Still, when you have gotten such scenes in your
head

Of terrestrial affairs, you'll be much better led
To imagine what now I would wish that you knew
Took place with fair Thais and the gay Count
Boloo.

Her house was a temple of choice curiosities,
Contents chiefly made up of fond reciprocities,
Such gems and such jewels she daily received
By any unconscious 'twould not be believed ;
For every rival would try to outdo
And step in the shoe—of the gay Count Boloo :
They followed the game he so coolly neglected,
And laughed in his sleeve, as might well be
expected.

Like a bee or a butterfly flirting about
Among many blossoms, he soon found one out
On whom his spontaneous affection he'd rivet,
“As dead as a nail,” or “as right as a trivet.”
To the gay Count Boloo all these words will
apply :
“While he'd one in his heart, he'd got two in
his eye.”
He'd rifle a kiss so luxuriantly sweet,
And care not how often the dose to repeat.

When I mention a rifle
I don't mean to trifle,

And tell you the young Count Boloo
Was a Volunteer gay,
For at that time of day
They had nothing of that sort to do.

Such was the state of the poll
When a most pious old foul,
One Father Paphnutius by name, }
Had seriously noticed the shame }
Which set all the place in a flame. }
He'd have felt horrified
Had the fair Thais died
In the sad state of sin
She was in.

This old anchorite
One night “struck a light”—
I mean by that,
“He smelt a rat”—
Which seem'd to illumine his heart with delight.
He'd throw off the clothing which anchorites
wear;
He'd get a new suit, and like mortal appear,
In the greatest of hope to get near—her ear.

The fair Thais
On her dais
Would not have thought that very night
That she'd receive,
Without her leave,
A visit from an anchorite.
When he solicited a room in private,
She never knew or gueſſ'd he meant to ſtrive at
A ſcene to her quite new, which we arrive at.

She said: "No one can fee us here;
"But p'rhaps it's conſcience that you fear.
"If fo, dear Sir, without the flighteſt doubt,
"I have no private room will keep that out."

"What!" cried the Father, in his holy zeal,
"Amidſt thy fins haſt thou the power to feel
"That inward monitor? My task is bleſt!
"New iſpirations now my heart invest.
"Oh, let me beg, let me by all entreat—
"Thy better feelings may thy worse defeat—
"That thou'lт renounce this life for evermore!
"'Twas this alone I came here to implore;

“ For there are days to come when sad and solemn
gloom

“ Will make thee feel thyself an emblem of the
tomb.

“ When beauty leaves thee—when the charms
which now

“ Have pow’r to rob another’s virtuous brow

“ Shall wither—when the lustre of thine eyes

“ Will only glare to see how they despise

“ The fleeting pleasures of the present hour—

“ When irremediably they lose their power,

“ And all the false temptations thou canst blend

“ Will be inert to reach the wish’d-for end ;

“ For age, if sickness comes not with thy fate,

“ Will teach thee griefs too dreadful to relate ;

“ And those who now carefs thee in their lust

“ Will turn upon thee with extreme disgust.

“ Say where, amidst the world’s capricious strife,

“ Will pity yield thee aught to make thy life

“ But as a swollen stream, which onward goes,

“ Compell’d by force to struggle in its throes,

“ Unconscious of its course as thou wilt be,

“ Till flowing on the confines of Eternity ?

“ Oh, let me check thy fad, thy heedleſſ course,
“ And fave thee from the bittereſt remorse !
“ By firm repen‐tance, turn each ſcene of care
“ To all that’s great, that’s good, that’s heavenly }
 fair, }
“ And snatch thee, as a vi‐ctim, from Despair.” }

The holy Father work’d ſo on her feeling,
She felt contrition o’er her ſenſes ſtealing,
And faid : “ The words thou’ſt ſpoken make me
 feel
“ More than my tongue has power to reveal.
“ Three hours grant me, Father, I beſeech,
‘ Before I fly to learn the truths you teach.”

The wealth ſhe’d amaff’d in her vicious career,
Now her feelings were changed, as droſſs would
 appear ;
But in cafe a relapſe might tempt her to wander
To thoughts of the paſt, or for fear ſhe might
 ponder
On gifts once her idol, but now her regret,
In deſtroying them all it might make her forget

Their existence, and with them all chance of
returning

To the life she had led, now with piety burning.
She therefore determined the whole of the
treasures

Which had compromised her with improvident
pleasures

Should be taken away that very same day,
And demolished by fire in an *auto-da-fé*.

To the great market-place she had them conveyed,
And one on the top of another was laid,

Pile upon pile, until higher and higher

'Twould almost outrival famed "Salisbury spire;"

The wardrobes, rich carvings, the pictures and
plate,

Her own pretty dais, where she erſt sat in state,

With designs of all sorts, well worthy attention,

And all the *et ceteras* too many to mention ;

'Twas a glorious "lot" for an auctioneer's list,

Only wanting a Robins his hammer to twist,

'Twould surely have raised such a quantum of
grift,

Holy Church would have grabbed like a vice in
her fist.

She invited Boloo
And the whole of the crew
To see her great roast instead of her stew,
Which made the spectators remarkably blue,
Excepting one—the game Boloo,
Who cried out “cock-a-doodle-doo!”
For he was given much to crowing,
And didn’t care for mortal going.

When the monks had observed she’d burnt all her stock up,
Paphnutius conducted her into a “lock-up;”
Then he placed on the door an immense seal of lead,
“Leaden type” to the world that fair Thais was dead.
To the nuns he commanded precisely each day
To give her some bread and a pitcher of water,
That flesh in her thoughts should no longer have sway,
And a most “perfect cure” for fair frailty’s daughter.
Three years she remained in this desolate cell,
When Paphnutius went out to Saint ’Tony to tell
That fair Thais behaved so remarkably well

He thought she might now have some easement.

Saint 'Tony referred the affair to another,
One called Paul the Simple, a clerical brother,
Who perhaps did his best the hard matter to smother,
And sent the next day her releasement.

But in fifteen days after the fair Thais died ;
In the Grecian Menology she's sanctified ;
And all I can hope is that you'll not deride
The thought that Saint Thais is p'rhaps glorified.

ADDENDA.

I can't find a moral laid down in the text,
Tho' I think I've work'd up to the letter ;
Fair Thais's morals were very perplex'd,
And perchance I could not do much better
Than give you an adage both happy and quaint—
“ The greater the sinner, the greater the saint.”





THE MYRTLE AND LAUREL.*

A TREATISE ON GARDENING.

Set to Music by CLEMENT WHITE.

AS Venus was tending her garden one day,
 Her favourite myrtle all drooping she
 spied ;
Its leaflets were shrunken, and ruthleſs decay
 Seem'd to mark for its own poor Venus's pride.

Affrighted and trembling she ran to bold Mars
 And told her sad story. The warrior laughed—
“ Why, Venus, my love, by your ocular stars,
“ The poor thing is weakly and wanting a graft.”

* The myrtle is sacred to Venus and the laurel to Mars.

His falchion he drew, and a laurel he sliced,
The noblest, the greenest, and brightest of trees,
And this to the quivering myrtle he spliced,
Which fluttered amid the soft Paphian breeze.

A plant soon appear'd of the laurel's bright hue,
Combining in fragrance the myrtle's sweet air;
And ever since then a fond sympathy grew
'Twixt the brow of the brave and the breast of
the fair.





“SYMPATHY,”

AND

WHERE IT MAY BE FOUND.

 NEGRO parson from a block
Held forth to his attentive flock,
And after having told them all
The penalties that sin befall,
He then bemoaned unchristian feeling,
And said, “The duty of each man
“Confisted in his always healing
“Another’s sorrow when he can ;”
And after all his exhortation
He thought he’d give some consolation
By saying, “When the world’s unkind,
“I’ll tell you where you’ll always find
“Out ‘Sympathy.’” The darkies rose
(Delighted, as you may suppose),

And cried, “ Oh ! Maffa, tell um where
“ To find dat joy to foothe um care.”
With knowing look, the worthy pastor
Said, as he twisted round his caftor,
“ I’ll tell you where—and it will never vary—
“ You’ll always find it in the ‘ Dictionary.’ ”





LETHE.*

THE MORNING THOUGHT OF A REVELLER.

 F, in the vision of expiring thought,
 There lingers all the happiness we're
 taught,

I'd seize the chalice which appears so fraught
 With ev'ry bliss, tho' to the dregs I sought—
 If Lethe were the font from whence the stream
 Pour'd forth oblivion to fulfil the dream.

If in continual rest the soul might lie,
 By one quietus, dormant and forgiven,
 'Twould soon the troubles of the world defy,
 And waft the spirit to its kindred heaven.

* A river of Hell, whose waters the souls of the dead drank after they had been confined for a certain space of time in Tartarus. It had the power of making them forget whatever they had done, seen, or heard before, as the name implies—ληθη, oblivion.—LEMPRIERE.

Then wherefore pause to grasp the deadly bowl,
Since driblets kill the mind, where then's the soul?

'Twere surely not a greater sin to die
By one deep draught, and quench the mortal fire,
Than that we seek a temporal supply
Of that which some so ardently desire.
Hark! Lethe cries, "Poor mortals! live ye on
A foretaste of my stream, 'Oblivion !'"





“ THE EVERLASTING GOLD PEN.”

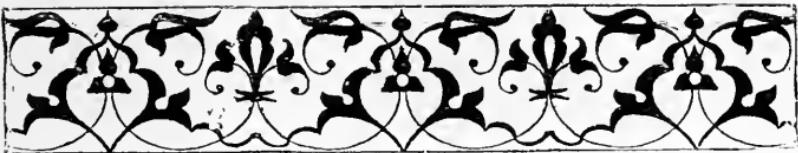
DEDICATED TO F. MORDAN.

THERE'S pleasure in a Guinea Pen,
It gives us such a lift ;
No quill pluck'd from a Guinea hen
Could ever write so swift.
The pen's possessed of reason too,
And easily can help us through,
Tho' we can scarcely spell ;
For when we doubt about a word,
The pen's aware of what's occurr'd,
And very soon can tell
That if it hies along
With flourish-dash-in running-hand,
'Twill take experts to understand
If written right or wrong.

“The Everlasting Pen,” they say,
Will last for ever and a day ;
But what that extra day may be
Has taxed my ingenuity.
I’ve heard about the “Iron Railing”
They advertise will always last
For ever, and not then surpassed—
To save the customers from wailing,
They’ll buy the iron to recast.
So in the pen the gold’s innate,
And we may always estimate
’Twill realize each pen-nyweight.

MORAL.

And men, like pens, will all be worth
Their value for their good alone,
Since pen-itents can all atone ;
And there’s no doubt but well it is
That extra day’s reserved on earth
To settle all our pen-alties.



“LOVE’S PUREST STAR.”

THERE is a pressure of the hand,
Once felt, thrills thro’ the throbbing
heart—
A tale that heart can understand,
Tho’ trembling lips dare not impart.
The hand which thus has fondly prest
Conveys the spell from breast to breast.

There is a look which, once exchanged,
Says more than e’en the tongue can name ;
And, tho’ to others ever changed,
That look to thee is still the same ;
It tells, tho’ hope delusive prove,
The heart may yet in silence love.

'Tis not that gaze so often fix'd
When thousand lustres glad the eye ;
'Tis mild, and soft, and strangely mix'd
With blighted hope and vacancy ;
Whilst thro' the film is seen afar,
By thee alone, “ Love's purest Star.”





“ M E A T *versus* F I S H.”

A CANONICAL DISTINCTION.

APRIEST had once a serving-man
Descended from an African—
A woolly-headed sort of nigger,
Who, tho' in conduct calm and mute,
In appetite was always eager,
Which made his intellect acute.

—

The Priest a strict injunction gave
That, as his precious soul he'd save,
On Fridays he must never eat
The smallest particle of “ meat ; ”
But, just to gratify his wish,
He might indulge in eggs or “ fish.”

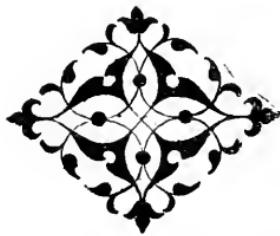
One day the Priest’s olfactory nerve
Suggested James was going to fswerve
From Friday’s abstinence, for he
Smelt onions most deliciously,

Which James was frying in a pan ;
And that his nose—should not impose,
Abruptly from his seat he rose,

And quickly to the kitchen ran,
Where, horror-struck, he stood and bristled
To see beefsteak and onions frizzled ;
And, as the cursed feast he eyed,
With rage indignantly he cried :—
“ You varlet ! this vile dereliction
“ From what the holy Pope is teaching
“ Deserves some dreadful malediction !
“ And, after all my pious preaching,
“ To catch you eating ‘ meat ’ to-day
“ Surpasses all I’ve pow’r to say.”

By all that’s holy blacky swore
His mind felt easiy on that score,
And said—“ As certain as my name’s
“ No longer Sambo, but is James,

“ That bit of steak is no more ‘ meat ’
“ Than sugar-cane, however sweet.
“ With water you did sprinkle me,
“ And said I henceforth James should be,
“ Tho’ Sambo then had been my name.
“ Now with that steak I did the same ;
“ I sprinkled it upon the dish,
“ And said, henceforth your name is ‘ fish.’ ”







“RECONCILIATION.”

THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE'S REPLY.

Set to Music by CLEMENT WHITE.

NOU may think as you like, but I truly
can fay

That affection binds fast where it takes ;
Tho' you may not lay by for the great “rainy day,”
Yet the outcast in life often makes
The fondest devotion a wife once bestow'd
Still gleam on through all as it ardently glow'd.

There's a warmth in the heart that's more fervent
to me

Than the embers which warm your poor hands;
For the words you have spoken I've treasured with
glee,

And my breast with its pleasure expands.

Oh, ever through life may you seek to attain
That solace at home which can soothe ev'ry pain!

Then the poor smould'ring embers would blaze
forth so bright,

As together we fann'd the warm fire,
And the sparks would engender a flame of delight,
If we'd only the pow'r to inspire
That sympathy left, which, united, would shine
In rays whose pure beams would be pleasure divine.

The forge and the bellows you long have rejected
May blow a loud blast as before,

And your wife, when she finds she's no longer
neglected,

Would rejoice in the old welcome roar,
As the sparks from your anvil would brilliantly fly,
Restoring the comforts you used to supply.



THE WIT AND THE HOST.

A TALE OF THE LEDGER.





THE WIT AND THE HOST.

A TALE OF THE LEDGER.

NE of those happy jovial boys,
In whose society we pass
Brief hours of terrestrial joys,
Was form'd by nature to surpass
The av'rage of the witty clas,
And give new zest to ev'ry glas.

Although his eloquence could flow,
Yet 'twas to him no source of money;
For, by example, well we know
The bee which makes the sweetest honey
May in delusive hope fly farthest,
And yet not reap the richest harvest.

So wit sometimes, with extra spark,
May not achieve the point it meant,
But rather overshoot the mark,
Tho' utter'd with a good intent ;
For 'tis not ev'ry one that can
Brook satire from another man.

The landlord of the hostelry
Was quite incapable to take
The sallies of his revelry,
And also made a great mistake
In tendering a long old score
For grogs the wit had drunk of yore.

This rupture made the wit betake
Himself unto a rendezvous,
Where, for his talents and his sake,
The others follow'd (*entre nous*) ;
So that the former house was left
Entirely of guests bereft.

The same diversions as before,
Of course, took place in their new quarter ;
The wit commenced another score
For fundry drops of gin and water ;

While all the time old Boniface
Wish'd that he would his steps retrace.

He soon found out his foolish error,
For in the future he forefaw
That dread of dreads—to all a terror—
The broker knocking at his door.
Poor man ! he gladly would atone,
Tho' all he did was curse and groan.

Continual thinking clears the mind,
And, after all, he wisely thought
He'd not be harsh, but would be kind,
For dearly he'd experience bought,
And daily sought an opportunity
To win the wit to his community.

The time momentous came at last ;
He saw him walking up the street,
And, just before the door he paff'd,
He welcomed him with friendly greet.
“Good day, dear sir ! the weather's fine ;
“This moment I'm about to dine,

“ And shall be happy if you feel
 “ Inclined within my house to walk.
“ My joy I scarcely can reveal ;
 “ Step in, we’ll have a friendly talk,
“ And o’er a glaſs of ſparkling wine
“ We’ll ſpeak about the auld lang fyne.”

And, nothing loth, the wit accepted
 The hoſpitality he proffer’d ;
His ſtomach would have much objected
 To lose a treat ſo kindly offer’d,
Since fortune ſmiled not every day
In such a pleafant ſort of way.

The dinner o’er, the hoſt proceeded
 Towards a cupboard, whence he took
A register of bills he needed—
 In fact, it was the pond’rous book
In which the wit’s long ſcore was noted,
The fame the landlord once had quoted.

Then in his hand he took plumbago,
 And thus addressed his friend the wit :
“ I ſwear by all! by great Saint Jago!
 “ That half this ſcore which I have writ

“ I'll cancel through—if you'll be true
“ And bid the other house adieu.”

“ What!” said the wit, “ one half the score off!
“ Such gen'rous conduct melts my soul.”
Then quick the other half he tore off,
And cried—“ We balance on the whole;
“ From this same day I'll make amends,
“ And ever after we'll be friends.”

“ I'm of an independent mind,
“ And when I meet a noble heart
“ Congenial with it, you will find
“ An equal feeling I'll impart;
“ For I am not to be outdone
“ In gen'rous deeds by any one.”

Within a week the house again
Began to flourish as before;
The landlord knew 'twas all in vain
To charge the wit another score.
Their friendship met no further mar,
For wit and wine were on a par.



THE NOISY DEBATE.

How often we meet with men possessed of a certain temperament of mind, who, having been engaged all day in the harassing transactions of business, resort of an evening to their taverns for the sake of conviviality, and, having spent the time in general conversation, from some cause or another enter into arguments which they are quite incapable of carrying out; while a shrewd man, watching his opportunity, and having gleaned their best thoughts, with a dash and daring will carry off the palm.

EULL many toasts they will propose,
And many glorious healths they'll
drink,

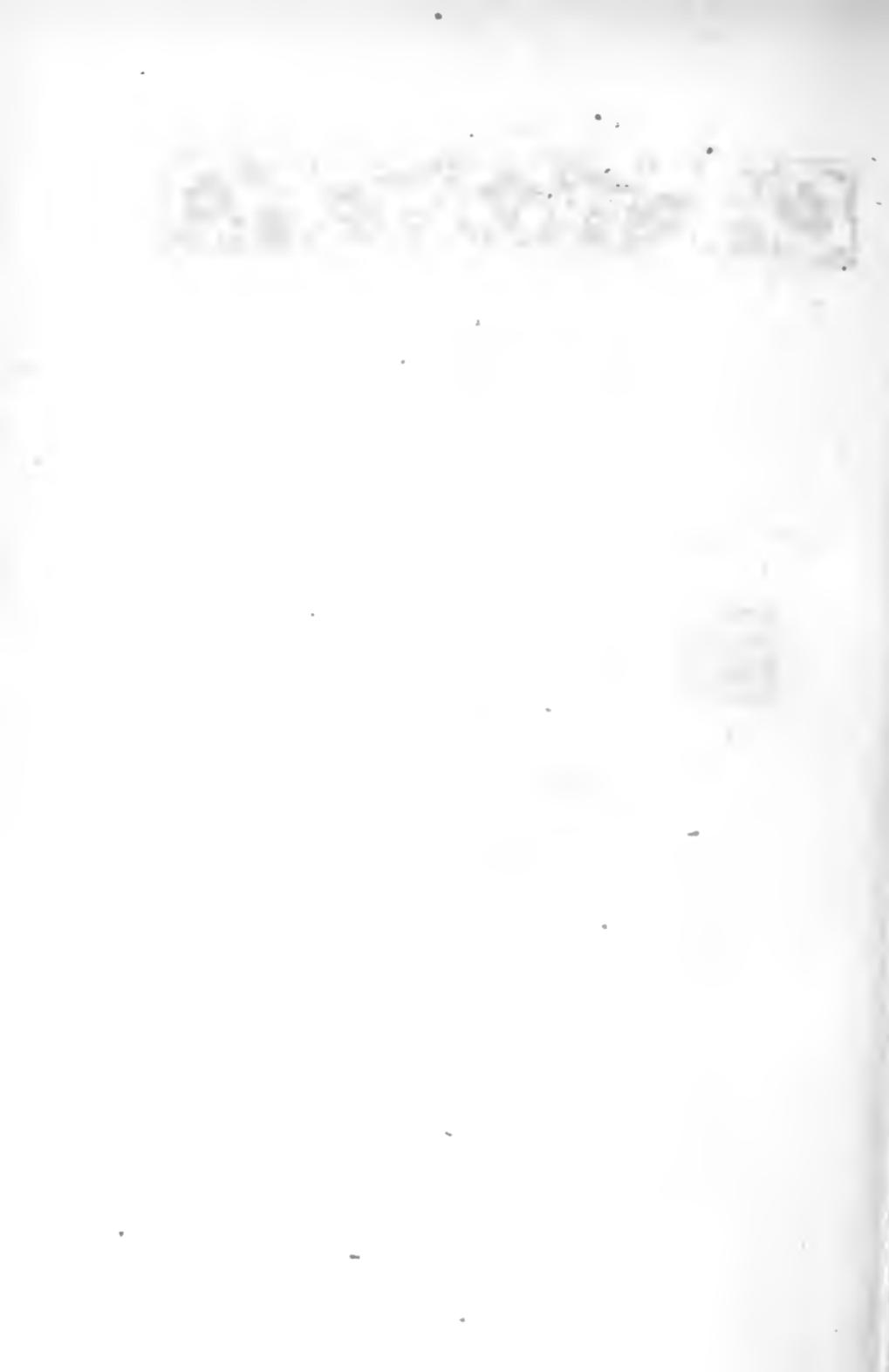
Till some are getting quite jocose,
While others in oblivion sink.

A man possessed of common sense
Can steer through any argument
(When two or three at once are talking);
Rise on your legs and thus comment:

“ You spoke in an imperfect tense”—
Say anything by way of balking—
The Chairman then will rise to order,
And throw their brains in more disorder ;
The Vice will also ask the wherefore,
While you assert your why and therefore,
Then with politeness take your seat ;
But mind one thing, pray don’t neglect
To bow with ev’ry due respect
Both to the Chair and Vice—the feat
Is half accomplished ; then condense
The best of what each one has said,
And store it well within your head.
With seeming diffidence arise,
As if again you would commence,
And when the Chair “ attention ” cries
The cream of their own thoughts relate,
As if it sprang from your own pate ;
It’s sure to bear an extra glofs
When cleared from all its former drofs :
Mind and deliver it concisely,
Declare they are your thoughts precisely.
The argument is then the bone,
Contention yields to you alone ;

And when they seek for a decision
On points of which they've lost all trace,
Then look them firmly in the face,
And say it was your own precision
Which led them from a great delusion—
Take odds they'll come to your conclusion.







UNTOLD LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF COLERIDGE'S "GENEVIEVE."

SHE doth notreck, she cannot dream,
And chance 'twould not e'en pity
move,
How one whom she hath little known
Is dying of her love.

Oh, mem'ry! can I e'er forget
That moment when in beauty bright
She rose upon the purple eve
A miracle of light?

As rosy clouds o'er Grecian sky,
Which through the liquid ether chase,
So blushes flitted o'er and o'er
The beauty of her face;

While through the foliage of her hair,
Clust'ring around that marble neck,
Those blushes stealing from her cheek,
Anon its snow would deck.

That wondrous beauty with a grace—
A stately virgin grace—she wore,
Which whisper'd her as one less form'd
To love than to adore.

Her charms, so dream-like, seized my soul,
Yet, oh ! 'twas fill'd with mournful fears ;
For well I knew a wayward fate
Might call me forth for years.

Yet all, alas ! to me is vain,
And time itself can only prove
How twined she is around my heart,
Now dying of her love.



RUTH.

THE GLEANER.

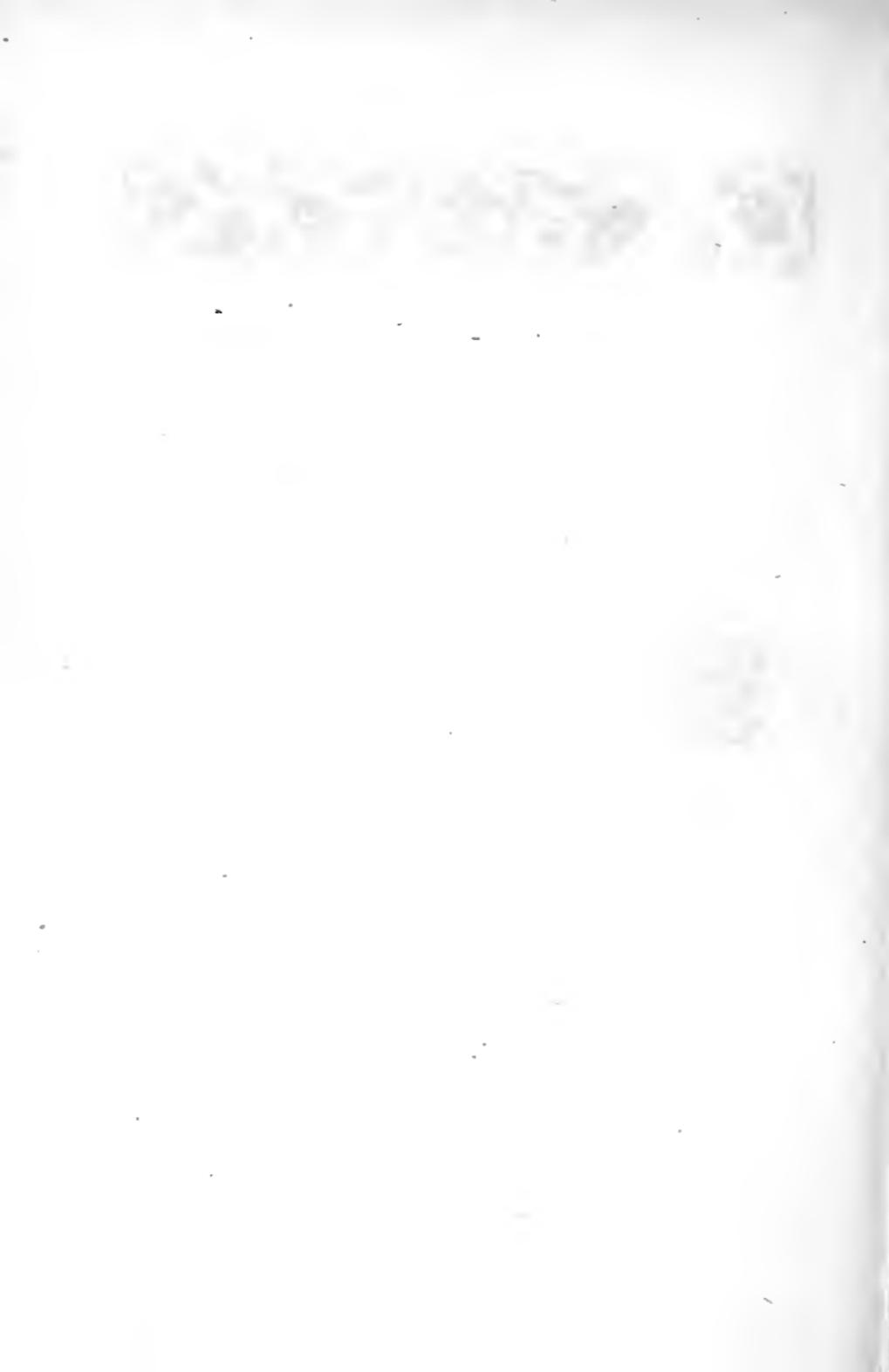
WHEN Ruth went forth to glean in Boaz' land,
The widow's charms to him appear'd so sweet,
That, by Naomi's wishes and command,
She slept that night beside the rich man's feet.

Reckless of him who melted at her tears,
And gazed with pity on her state forlorn,
The ingrate vixen pull'd his lengthy "ears,"
And *Ruthlessly* she trod upon his "corn."



“ THE STEPPING-STONES.”

A RIVER SCENE.





“THE STEPPING-STONES.”

A RIVER SCENE.

N Scotland, where the lasses wander
O'er heath and thro' the mossy dells,
And by the streamlets that meander
Amidst sweet banks of asphodels,
There Nature was in beauty thrusting
Forth the blossoms on each tree,
And all the germs of plants were bursting
Into new nativity.
The lark sang sweetly upward flying,
And swallows skimm'd the silent lake,
Whose surface look'd so smooth and bright,
Unbroken, like a sheet of light,
Excepting where the sportive trout
The circling eddies plash'd about ;

Or where the swan, with stately gait,
His feath'ry pinions beautifying
As pure and white as snowy flake,
With crested neck and puff'd-up plume
Cast far aside the liquid spume,

And fondly swam towards his mate.
Whilst herds in calm repose were lying
Beneath the shelter of the brake.
The balmy air, with odours fraught,
The scents of various flow'rs brought,
And wafted round their rich perfume.

The bee humm'd forth his joyous tone ;
The busy ants were in commotion ;
While spiders spun their magic webs,
And in the placid scene was shown,
By all things in their day's devotion,
The course of Nature never ebbs.

Across a stream whose graffy ridge
Has never yet been spann'd by bridge,
But where the “Stepping-stones” were placed
By those whose steps had often traced

From bank to bank the limpid stream—
There, on those “stones,” one sunny day,
I met a nymph about midway
Whose beauty haunts me like a dream.

One “stone” abruptly rose, on which
Two at a time could scarcely stand—
The foot-hold was a little niche—
And at a glance I could perceive
‘Twas doubtful if she could achieve
To step across without my hand,
Which, with a blush and downcast look,
The lovely, bashful maiden took.

Oh, what a tremulous sensation
Thrill’d through my bosom as I felt,
In that brief moment’s sweet pulsation
Of hands, what happiness there dwelt !

I could but turn my gaze aside
From charms so beautifully allied ;
For, as she stood upon the “stone,”
A hallow’d light around her shone ;
And in the crystal stream I spied,

Reveal'd in Nature's looking-glaſs,
The reflex of that lovely laſs—
A laſs most beauteous to behold,
One caſt in Nature's loveliſt mould ;
For on this earth we ſeldom find
Such virtue and ſuch grace combined.
A roſeate bloom her cheeks o'erspread
As furtively, with half-turn'd head,
Her eyes, of ſweet cerulean blue,
She partly ope'd, and then withdrew ;
Such dazzling orbs of beauty bright
Seem'd o'er her face the tint to dight.
Soon was the tender truth reveal'd—
A truth which could not be conceal'd—
That love was twining round my heart,
And would its tender tale impart.

If young Narcifſus * ſtood amazed
When he beheld in glaffy water
The aqueous form on which he gazed,

* A beautiful youth, who ſaw his image reflected in a fountain, and became enamoured of it, thinking it to be the nymph of the place. His fruitleſs attempts to approach this admired object ſo provoked him that he grew desperate, and killed

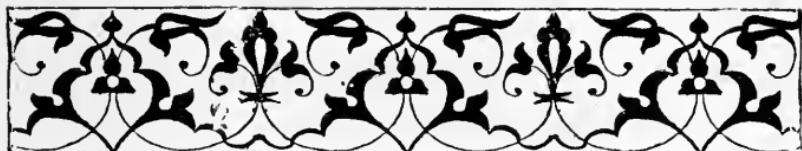
Nor knew that image was himself—
Had he but seen that fairy daughter
As I beheld her in the brook
Reflected like a mountain sylph,
So bright a picture of delight
Painted by Heaven’s ethereal light, }
As fed my fond enraptured sight,
He would have felt the spell’s resplendence
So lovely in its great transcendence,
That, with surprise and pensive look,
Instead of pining lone and single,
He would have wooed her virgin charms,
To nestle in his youthful arms,
And own’d, combined, they had the pow’r
With ecstasy to intermingle,
And form on earth “a double flower.”

That lassie’s wed, and happy now,
Tho’ years have fled, and age has planted
Some furrows on the matron’s brow ;
And e’en her hair, it must be granted,

himself His blood was changed into a flower, which still bears his name. The nymphs raised a funeral pile to burn his body, according to Ovid, but they found nothing but a beautiful flower.

Which once in rich luxuriance grew,
Has now attain'd a silv'ry hue ;
Yet, through the vista of the past,
The vision of that happy day
On mem'ry's page will ever last,
When Nature, in her grand array,
O'er hill and dale had blossoms strown,
And we stood on the “Stepping-stone.”





THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

WO Lawyers who had always shewn
Contention over ev'ry bone
That in the kennel of the law
Fell under their rapacious jaw,
And spiteful, as with adders' teeth,
And very waspish in their heart,
Kept all their poison in its sheath,
Determined for a deadly bite,
If either one should dare impart
A "*casus belli*" for a fight.

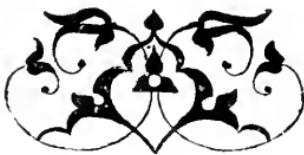
“ At daggers drawn,”
They had forsown

All friendly intercourse ;
And having pass'd life's gayest time
In ev'ry sort of sin and crime,
They still felt no remorse ;
When in the course of Nature's laws
Grim Death stepp'd in and ask'd the cause
Why lives they'd led so cursed evil
Should not be tested by the Devil ?

The Lawyers, like "Kilkenny cats"
(When hanging o'er the line),
Were plucky as two barn-door rats,
Or quilly porcupine,
And, nothing daunted, coincided
To do whatever Death decided.

But when the Devil saw his clients,
He ponder'd sorely in his mind,
And felt how vain was all his science
Against such villains of their kind ;
For he knew well—he could not find,
Not e'en in Hell,
Where demons dwell,

One to excel
Those Lawyers fell ;
They were so bad 'twould be a sin
Beneath Hell's roof to let them in ;
Their loss he thought he'd not deplore,
And very wisely closed the door,
For much he fear'd each fiendish elf
Might "turn the tables" on himself.





O L L A P O D R I D A ;

OR,

RAILWAY JOTTINGS.





OLLA PODRIDA;

OR,

RAILWAY JOTTINGS.

NE hour to stop before the train departs;
But then, the porter says it never starts
Precisely to its time, but rather o'er,
Because another train must come before ;
And that, he says, invariably is late ;
So there's no telling what's the time to wait.
But wait I must, with feelings of compunction ;
It's always so—when at a railway junction.

Talking of junctions, that famed one at Clapham
Appears to all who happen to be foreign
As if 'twere made expressly to entrap 'em
With ins and outs, just like a rabbit-warren.
Even the porters seem as if abhorring
So many questions, and not make a florin.

There you must burrow, with a kind of dread,
To see which stairs will prove for you effective,
And very often find yourself Mifs-led
By stockings white, advancing in perspective :
Substantial proofs, ere you can reach the landing,
That English women have good understanding.

Now, how to pafs the time?—why, that's the thing !
It's not the place to smoke, nor yet to sing.
I'm not inclined to walk, and that Havannah
(Which, costing sixpence, should be sweet as
manna)
Was horrid stuff; my lips are parch'd and sear,
Which certainly entails some “ bitter beer.”

It's strange there's no dependence on cigars ;
As far as I'm concern'd, it oft debars
Their use. Give me the pure Virginian weed
Cut into shreds, and with a pipe I need
No greater boon ; in that I feel reliance :
I'll keep to pipes, and bid cigars defiance.

What's to be done ? I've paper, pen, and ink ;
Now for a subje&t, and the brain to think !

Oh, sunny Thought ! come whisper in my ears,
That I may book thee ; for my pen appears
As if a dip of ink would do it good :
'Tis a sad glutton, and it never would
Be quiet for a moment, but keep scribbling
As sure as mouse at toasted cheese keeps nibbling.

Now, dearest Psyche !—emblem of the soul !—
Give me the thought—the pen's at thy control !
Oh, elevate me with thy wings to try
The realms of space, like thee, bright butterfly !
What ! deaf to my entreaty ?—no reply ?
Thou know'st I cannot grasp thee, so good-bye !

Delve then, my Muse, into funereal urn,
Promethean like, and filch the latent fire,
If smould'ring in the grave it yet can burn ;
For thou wouldst then be able to inspire
Me with a theme from regions drear and dread,
To teach the living secrets from the dead.

Now dive into the density so deep
Of oceans wide, and see if thou art able
To gain th' immortal prize that we should reap,
Couldst thou but clutch the “great Atlantic Cable.”

There sleeps the spark, although it dormant lies,
Like urn in earth, embedded in the sand ;
Yet, like the Phœnix, 'twill again arise
To stretch from shore to shore the firebrand.

And thou, Pandora—
The greatest bore a
Man ever knew
With cause to rue—
Say, what could be thy vicious scope,
With thy infernal “Box of Pills,”
Scattering about all sorts of ills :
Then say—there’s nothing left but
“Hope?”

Goddes of Chastity ! thou fair Diana !
What marvels to thy lustrous name belong ;
'Twere better to invoke thee on piano,
For I could not in purity of song
Sing of thy midnight trip into the cave
Where young Endymion lay so fast asleep.
Say, didst thou only go to take a peep ?
Or from what cause didst thou so misbehave ?

Thou surely must have been a lunatic
Ever to think of playing such a trick.
What were those feelings which could act ye on,
When once upon a time poor Actæon,
Who only, like thyself, did take a peep,
But ever after had dire cause to weep.
How was a man, while hunting, to suppose
He'd catch a lady without bathing-clothes ;
And then the deed thou didst was nought to brag,
To turn so fine a youth into a "Stag;"
No wonder madmen suffer from the moon, a
Word synonymous with thine, "Chaste Luna."

There's a face in the moon,
And there's one in a spoon,
If you doubt you had better see in it ;
And another is found
On a tea-pot that's round,
But mind it's not hot with tea in it.
The spoony one looks very much elongated ;
The other is jolly, like "Spurgeon," elated ;
It's strange that such trifles should seem so complex,
But there're always two sides to a picture ;
Some like the concave, and some the convex ;
Take your choice, I won't raise any stricture.

Hail ! Venus ! Goddefs of the Cyprian Isle !
Come forth in all thy beauty, with a smile
Of welcome ; for a vot'ry of thine own,
Oft have I been a suppliant at thy throne.
Give me a theme that tender hearts may touch.
What ! silent still ? then p'rhaps I asked too much.

I've fought the goddeſſes—and yet it seems
As well to “go to Bath”—to get my themes ;
Since in Elysium I'm denied a berth,
I needs muſt grovel on my mother earth,
And feel ſome conſolation in the fact,
Since heathen ladies don't know how to act ;

And if ideal
Subjects can't be found,
I'll keep to real.

Now a glance around—
“From the ridiculous to the ſublime”
I've tried; now trot, my Muſe, in humble rhyme.

There are three ladies of the maiden type,
Whose ſummer bloom is rather more than ripe,
And in their ſtyle they certainly appear
As if they moved in a ſuperior ſphere ;

But very angry seems their warm debate,
I wonder what it is that they relate ?
What can have put them in so hot a state ?
Yet one thing's certain, which I can descry,
That beauty's not enhanced when words run
high.

'Tis strange three women cannot live together
Without a quarrel, or a quibble—whether
The day will turn out fine, or rainy weather,
Or some such trivial thing as men would blush at,
A point which women strenuously rush at,
And all the ardour of their brain appears
To tantalize each other into tears ;
But men, whene'er you see them fraternize,
Say " My dear boy ! " as if to patronize
Each other with the kindest reciprocity,
Regardless as to age, or youth's precocity.

Men feel at times a certain elevation
Produced by wine, which women scorn to know,
In fact, they spurn it as a defecration ;
Tho' I have watched at times a certain glow,
Combined with other queer peculiarities,
Denoting there had been familiarities

Between the bottle and themselves conne&tatable ; }
But no, I must be wrong, they're too respectable, }
And wouldn't do such things, howe'er delectable. }

Now standing on the platform—there's a sight—
A slim young man, above the average height,
With legs attenuated like a spider,
And whip in hand, though he is no horse rider ;
He seems aristocratic in his bearing,
Yet a detested “ billy-cock ” he's wearing.
With all the questions about “ who's your hatter,”
There's little taste displayed about the matter.
Beside the “ old black hat,” I see no “ tile ”
But bears the stamp of a plebeian style,
Excepting that famed one of “ Peter Rubens,”
The which of shillings would about cost two tens,
That is a sovereign I mean,
Which bears the image of the Queen ;
And when you have the bill to fettle,
You must of course shell out the metal.
But, tho' the shape is good, 'tis large, and then
It would extinguish many little men ;
And hatters must be dull, or do not care
About a summer hat that's fit to wear.

I've done with hats. That whip's to reprimand
A little dog, which fears to sit or stand,
But ever keeps a leer upon the whip,
Expecting it, if he should dare to trip.
Ignoble element in men to find
Brains brainless but to curb the canine mind.

Oh, what a nose ! 'twould make an eagle blush !
Oh, Wellington ! (but, as he's dead, I'll hush).
No hawk nor owl, with their most sapient look,
Would ever dare to gaze on such a hook ;
Yet those who have a nose which breaks the line
Derive it from the eagle—" aquiline ;"
Or, turn'd the other way, and not so snug,
From dog (almost extinct) they call "a pug."
Give me the nose that's neither one nor t'other,
But takes a happy medium 'twixt the two,
Such as Apollo's, and a certain few
Examples left us still from Greece, their mother.

Ha ! see that porter there, with ingenuity
Baffling the railway law about "gratuity!"
See how he stands, with finger on his lip,
Whilst with the other hand "he takes a tip."

Well ! if some gen'rous people feel inclined
To treat civility by being kind,
I see no cause why they should ever smother
The impulse—"One good turn deserves another"—
As public servants take them, great and small ;
I've always met with courtliness from all.

There is a youth with Dr. Watts's hymns,
Observe his eye how busily it skims—

Not that most moral book
(Belonging to his little brother,) ;
He only holds it as a blind,
While he directs his look
Of modesty upon another
Whose loveliness still brings to mind
"How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower."
Her features disclose—a most magical power.

Upon a settle sits a Volunteer,
Who's evidently primed himself with cheer ;
He has enrolled to act as our defender,
And in his feelings is a "Young Pretender;"
I mean that Charles for whom so many drew
The sword, but after all it wouldn't do.

I note a man ; he's playing with a child,
But in their faces see no similarity ;
Is he the father ? No ! The lady smiled,
And seem'd herself inclined for jocularity ;
But I've been told some people give a cake,
“ And kiss the baby for the mother's sake.”

In durance vile I see a strong man stands,
With bracelets bright encircling his hands,
 Or rather wrists ;
 See how he twists,
While two policemen hold him in command.
 It's easy for construing
 His “ game ” was for undoing
Some noble charter of the British land.

A coffin and a racehorse side by side,
A widow in her weeds, and then a bride
Fill up the vacuum of our strange career,
Where all things mortal unto death appear;
And yet the link which binds our lives, alas !
Totters upon the shuntings as we pass.

Hark ! there's a sound which makes my heart
rejoice.

Yes ; 'tis that fame old porter's nasal voice—
“ Heigh, zur ! baint you for Pad-ding-ton ?
Yez's best be sharp before the train be gone.”





THE BARON

AND HIS ADVISERS.

ALIMB of the law and a lamb of divinity
Once felt on a subject the greatest affinity,
For a Baron they knew
Who'd a fine revenue,
Which at death might be left
To the folks who most deft
Could curry the favour of such a rich man ;
And, knowing the proverb that "life's but a span,"
While mutually sharing their host's hospitality,
The Lawyer summed up of his wealth the totality,
While the Parson descanted on death and morality.

One day, after feasting and merrily spending
The evening in drinking, with harmony blending,

Ere they had departed, the Baron so bold,
From turbot and lobster, or p'rhaps from a cold,
Fell grievously ill, when a messenger ran
To summon the aid of a medical man.
While the Doctor and Baron were quiet together,
The Priest and the Lawyer (both "birds of a
feather")
Stepp'd into a room, where, as cautious as mice,
They enter'd at once into mutual advice.

The Lawyer knew well how the wealth was
bestow'd,
Since he'd formerly drawn out the will,
And with sad disappointment he easily shew'd
That what had been left to himself and his friend
(After all their attention), was still
From the bulk of the fortune a small dividend;
And calmly proposed, if the Baron should die,
As they placed in each other—the faith of a
brother,
The original will they might p'rhaps falsify,
Or destroy it at once, and then make out another.
Tho' the two were most heedful,
Yet the Doctor was needful,

To settle the matter they then had in hand,
And the first opportunity
They sought his community,
And with overtures found him most pleasant and
bland.

Then these three men professional
Form'd a court or confessional,
And against the bold Baron concocted a plot
That by poison that night he should meet his upshot.

The Devil was strolling about on the prowl,
When a sound caught his ear like an Irish howl,
And he felt in his heart (if the Devil has one)
That Death was performing the part of a dun,
And he wonder'd how some of the Irish folk
Could be hood-wink'd so well by a priest's silly joke,
As if he'd a talisman under his cloak ;

And the row that they make
At a dead Paddy's wake
Through the ear
Rings so clear
That no one can mistake.

But they found that he heard had a different cadence;
'Twas no scream for a soul, that from earth then
had made hence,

For he heard not the cry,
“ Ah! sure, why did ye die?”
But more like rejoicing it seem’d to imply.

The trio were chatting away in their glee,
Hob-nobbing each other in great ecstasy,
When a form diabolical, “ *as in presenti*,”
Prefented itself and cried out, “ You all meant I
“ Should be in the dark ;
“ But mind this remark—
“ When a Lawyer, a Doctor, and then a Divine,
“ Come and chuckle and crow o’er a dead person’s
wine,
“ There needs not on my part so very much sciente
“ To judge there’s unholiness in the alliance.

“ This man had bequeath’d all his fortune in charity,
“ When you, in your greed, with the greatest
barbary
“ To rob those in want, went and cancell’d his will,
“ Making one in your favour your pockets to fill,
“ And then bribed the Doctor his patient to kill.”

The Lawyer admitted the will was his writing,
But insisted ’twas done by the others’ inditing.

Cried the Doctor, “I own, for the sake of my meed,
“ From the pangs of this world the poor sinner I
freed.”

Said the Parson, “I tacitly witneff’d the deed.”

“ But who forged his name ?” said Old Nick, with
a pause.

“ No one’s done it yet,” cried the Lawyer, because
“ Whoe’er does it best is to gain the applause.”
Then the Devil exclaim’d, “As I’m bound by no laws,
“ I’ll do it myself—clap the pen in my claws ;
“ For when you all die, as you’re certain to come
“ To the regions below, which will be your last home,
“ I’ll leave you just now to your pleasure and mirth,
“ Since I find I’m so well represented on earth.”

But the Baron so bold
Was not easily “fold ;”
Tho’ they thought they had “settled his hash,”
He lay snug in bed
And heard what they said

About his estates and his cash.

By dint of good luck he had just “saved his bacon ;”
For the poison the Doctor had sent to be taken

He pour'd in a wine-glass instead of his throttle,
And then put it safely again in the bottle.
Of physic he'd always the greatest antipathy,
And thought to himself in each drop that I drip
I see—

Something that looks like a mixture that's nauseous.
So he tasted one drop, as he always was cautious,
Tho' not from a doubt that 'twas poison within it—
He didn't suspect such a thing for a minute.
But instead of the physic he took *eau de vie*,
Which kept him alive to “a dead certainty;”
Yet the one drop of poison, by fortunate chance,
Only brought on a sort of a torpor or trance,

From which he awoke

In the midst of their joke,

And felt very shocked for humanity's sake,
Tho' about “Cloven Horny” he felt no mistake;
For, as flyly he cast his eye over the counterpane,
He saw such an object he ne'er wish'd to see again.
But he little expected the Devil that night
Would have shown up his friends in their colours
so bright;

And wisely determined, as soon as they'd fled,
Not to take any notice of what had been said :

Since "Old Nick" was in league, he thought it
was best

To keep his own counsel and let matters rest.

And Hist'ry relates

He sold his estates,

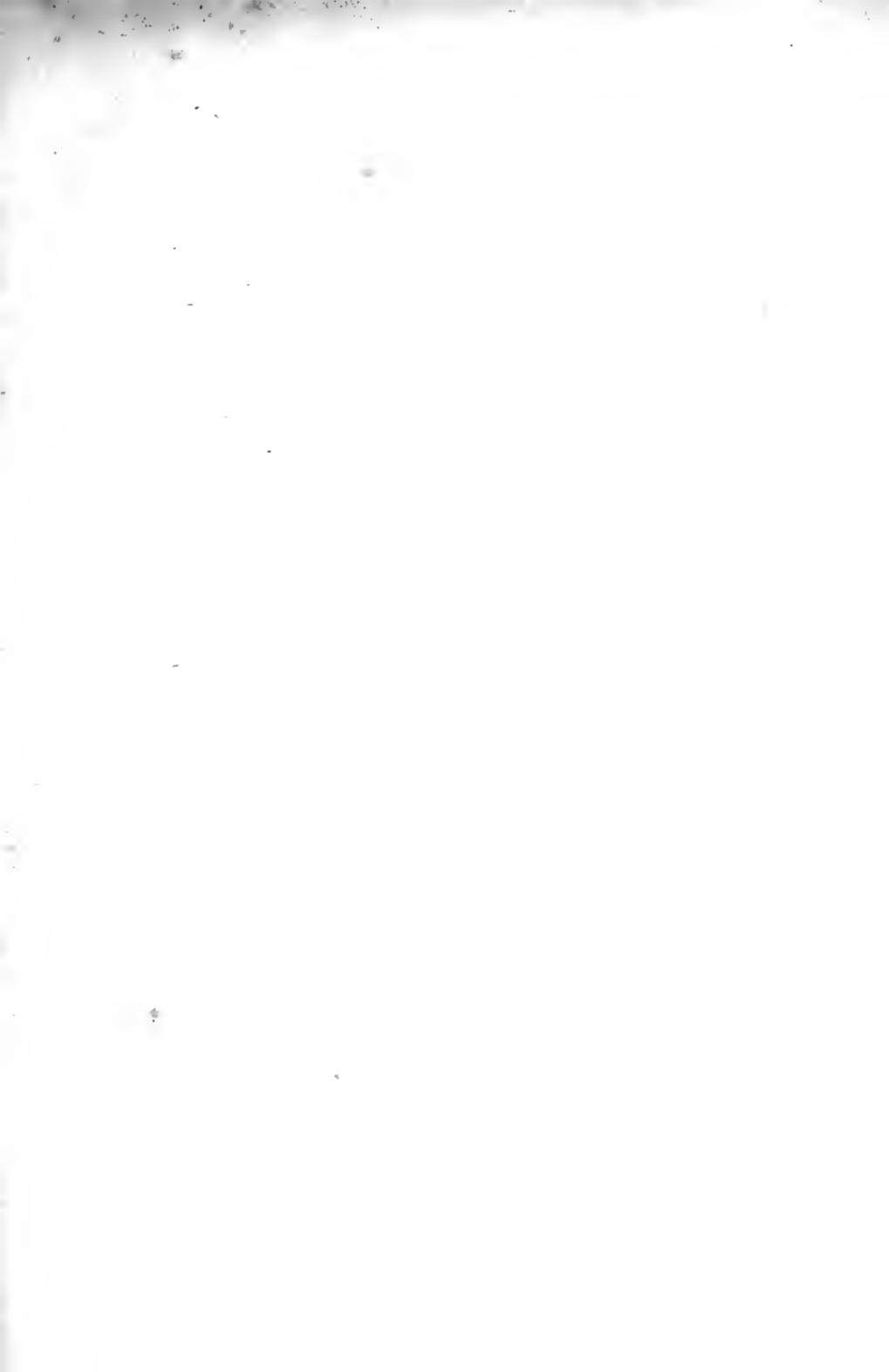
And made up his mind that hereafter

All professional men should be kept at arm's length,
Since 'twas only by good luck and bodily strength

He awoke 'midst their horrible laughter.







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